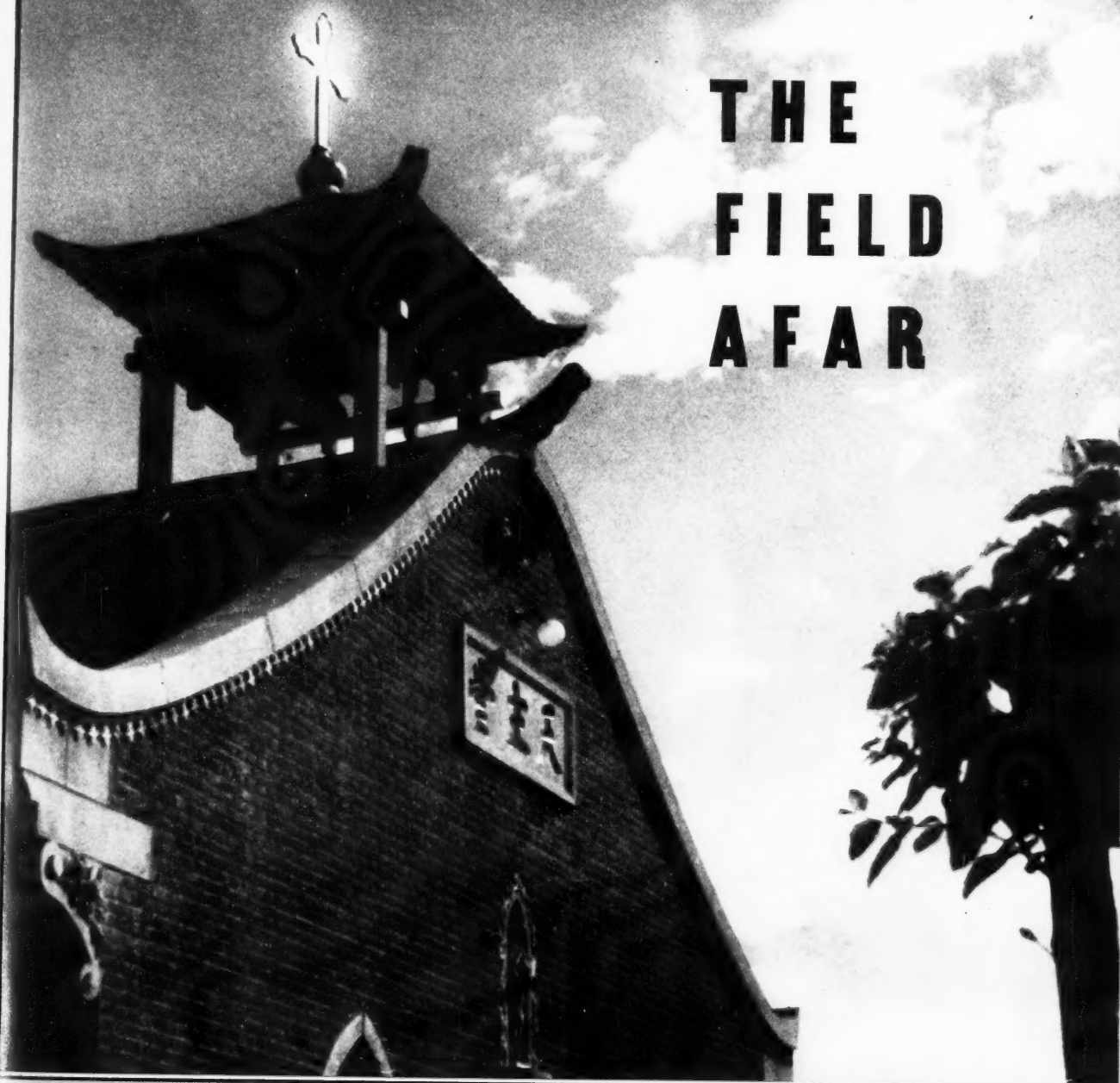


MARYKNOLL

THE FIELD AFAR



JANUARY

1941





MARYKNOLL is an American foundation for foreign missions • Central headquarters are at Maryknoll, New York. Preparatory seminaries for the training of missionaries are maintained in various sections of the country. • The Maryknoll Fathers were established by the hierarchy of the United States as the national society for foreign missions, and authorized by Pope Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. • In seven large areas of the Orient—in South China, Japan, Manchukuo, and Korea—Maryknollers are laboring among 25,000,000 non-Christian souls. • Our legal title is "Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Incorporated." Our post office address is: Maryknoll, N. Y.

OUR COVER: The last rays of a winter sunset illumine the cross on the tower of the church at Fushun, Manchukuo.

◀ New Year Festival. A familiar sight in Japan: casks of toso, a special wine which is drunk by all the members of a family in thanksgiving. Is your New Year prayer one of thanksgiving?

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$1 a year; \$3 for four years; \$5 for six years; \$50 for life. Make check or money order payable to: The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y. THE FIELD AFAR is indexed in *The Catholic Periodical Index*, found in public libraries. Entered at Post Office, Maryknoll, N. Y., as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 21, 1921.

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Maryknoll

HORIZONS

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS in the priesthood is not given to every *soggarth aroon*. On December 7 we celebrated very quietly



—the silver jubilee of our Superior General, Most Reverend James Edward Walsh. "Quietly," because the jubilant himself was absent on a visitation of the Society's seven Missions. We have been warned not to print Father General's picture, but we feel he won't mind this time, since we add the assurance that we shall do so only every twenty-five years. Give Bishop Walsh a prayer these days, please.

GOOD CITIZENSHIP We heard a young lady sounding off on the subject of foreigners, claiming that they have no time for anything of a cultural nature. She could not include in her list Thomas Chan of Cleveland, who, in spite of his exacting position as president of the *On Leong Tong* and his own daily business, found time enough on the side to read himself into the Catholic Church (See page 5). There is many a Thomas in the larger cities of this country—all good citizens.



THE DRAFT, AGAIN We have what we, too, believe is the one perfect story about the draft. A recent Chinatown convert, just out of the hospital and with few friends in New York, was stopped by the registrar's question: "Who would always know where you are?" Perhaps it was the long series of catechism ques-

tions completed just before his baptism that made him pause for a moment. "Well," asked the clerk, "isn't there someone who always knows where you are?"

"Oh, yes," answered Joseph. "God!"

SO RUN! This smiling young man is Gerard Cote, of St. Hyacinth, Canada, winner of the North American Marathon Championship. At Boston he set a new world record—2:38:32—for the twenty-six mile run and another at St. Paul, Minnesota, when he covered twelve miles on snow shoes in an hour. A hotel in Canada and a restaurant are named for Gerard, but those honors have not spoiled him. His ambition in life was to be a priest, but his mother's death made that impossible for him. He hasn't missed daily Mass since. Another fine example.



YOU WILL LIKE HER She loves babies, flowers, and kittens, and is devoted to her younger brothers and sisters. Quite an attractive person is this real, in-the-flesh possessor of our name. For she is Mary Knoll, and she hails from Missouri. Mary assures us that thus far she has not been troubled by mail intended for us. We wonder, though, if an advertisement we received recently

was not meant for her. It told us that now—and the temperature dropped to ten today—is the time for us to think of buying our spring millinery.



The finest zeal of every nation of Europe expended itself on the American continent in mission work to the Indians. Young America has caught up the torch. Pope Pius XII's representative describes this in thrilling words.

BENEATH ONE HEAVEN

By His Excellency, Archbishop Cicognani,
Apostolic Delegate to United States

It is a moving experience to stand upon the remnant of California's *Camino Real* and to contemplate in the mind's eye the prodigies of the hardy Spanish friars who raised up along the Pacific seaboard the tremendous line of missions in which generations of Indians were transformed from worshipers of the forest to sons of Christ.

It is stirring to read of one hundred years of missionary expeditions into the Florida country, most of them ending in martyrdom, which preceded the establishment of a lasting foundation for the Faith. During this period, vigorous, zealous priests journeyed as far north as the Carolinas; and earnest laymen like Don Pedro Menendez, founder of St. Augustine, occupied themselves not only

established flourishing missions—despite the holocaust of many missionary lives in the revolt of 1680—and placed the cross over this region. Father Kino is best known among the trail blazers of this part of America. From Mexico came the Spanish evangelizers of the Texas Indians, led by such illustrious figures as Padre Margil.

English priests scattered through Maryland founded missions, wrote Indian catechisms, and built Christian communities, until their work was destroyed through the deplorable religious divisions of their day. A brief attempt by French and Italian missionaries in Virginia was frustrated for the same reason.

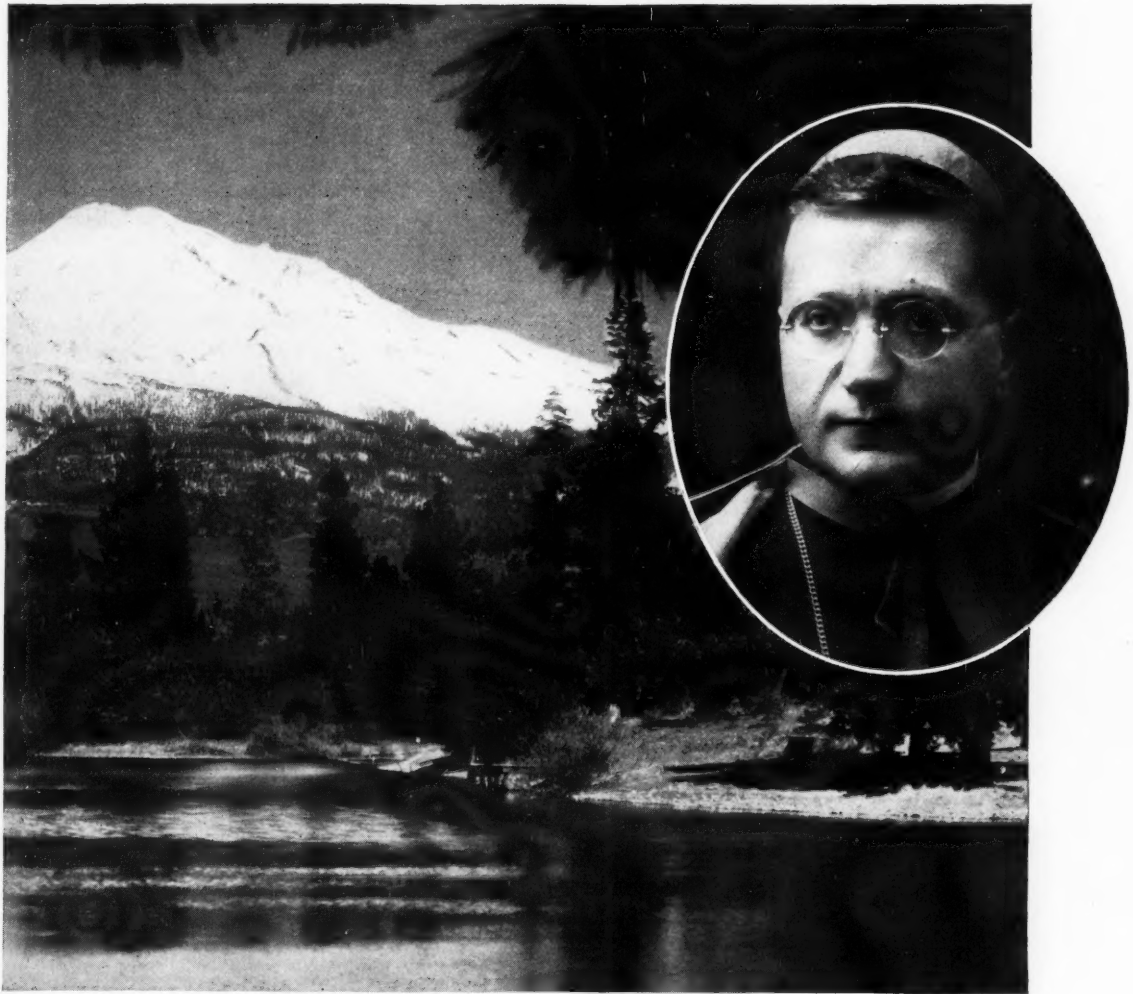
French priests went to Canada and engaged in what



The endless pathways of the Rockies

with material achievements but with the conversion of the Indians.

In the great Southwest, Father Martinez and his followers moved up into New Mexico and Arizona, es-



and the valleys beyond. Inset: Most Reverend Archbishop Amleto Cicognani, D.D.

at times was the most extensive missionary effort on the North American continent. Facing extraordinary physical hardships and journeying immense distances, they carried the Faith as far north as Hudson Bay, extended it into the west, and reached down into the areas now embraced by the United States. The Abenaki Indians of Maine were Christianized by them. The work of Saint Isaac Jogues and his glorious companions was at periods carried on in territory now within New York State.

Out of Canada likewise came Pere Marquette to establish successful missions along the Mississippi, forerunners of efforts which covered the entire basin of this great central river of the continent. French missionaries out of New Orleans went to the Indians of Louisiana, and worked northward and westward.

As we glance at the litany of later missionary pioneers to the Indian country, we are struck by the fact that practically every Catholic people of Europe gave apostles

for this task. There are such names as Mazzuchelli, Sanderl, Hatscher, Richard, Badin, Dejean, Baraga—workers among the Ottawa and Chippewa tribes. There are Petit of the Peorias, Ravoux and Galtier of the Sioux, Piertz of the Minnesota Indians, Skolla of Wisconsin. There are Quickenborne, Hoeken, Bax (who a' ne baptized 5,000 redskins), and Schoenmakers of Kansas and Nebraska. There are Demers and Blanchet of Oregon.

Most celebrated of all these soul-hungry men was the Belgian de Smet, whose eye, as he trudged the endless pathways of the Rockies, was ever set on the next valley beyond, the next tribe of untouched heathen to be won. In that gnawing fretfulness to move ever forward toward fellow men still ungained, he embodied that peerless spirit which has marked Catholic zeal down the ages.

And now in this our day I watch each year the mission bands of Maryknoll and of other societies of America move off over seas. "How natural," I say to myself,

"how thoroughly in keeping with Catholic tradition! How completely in accord with the splendid example which the Church of the centuries has given us on this very continent, in this very land!"

Generations of holy and learned and valiant pioneers have given their lives within the confines of the United States, and from their hands they have cast the torch which has been caught by the vigorous, well-disciplined, carefully trained young officers in Christ's spiritual foreign legion of our times, the fruit of this soil of America.

In no finer way than in this missionary phase of the Church's life do we demonstrate to the world the literal truth of our *credo*, that all men are one in Christ beneath one heaven. We live most closely to the Christly pattern when we are imbued with a truly catholic—universal, all-embracing—love for God, family, country, neighbor, or fellow man of the five continents and the seven seas.

I extend my greetings and my blessings to Maryknoll, as it prepares to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of that meeting of the American hierarchy, here in Washington, at which approval was given for the foundation of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

The missionary life engendered at Maryknoll is typical of the Catholic missionary spirit in the United States of America. The faithful of the country, dedicated to Mary Immaculate, are enterprising, resourceful, and generous in the cause of the missions—domestic and foreign. When

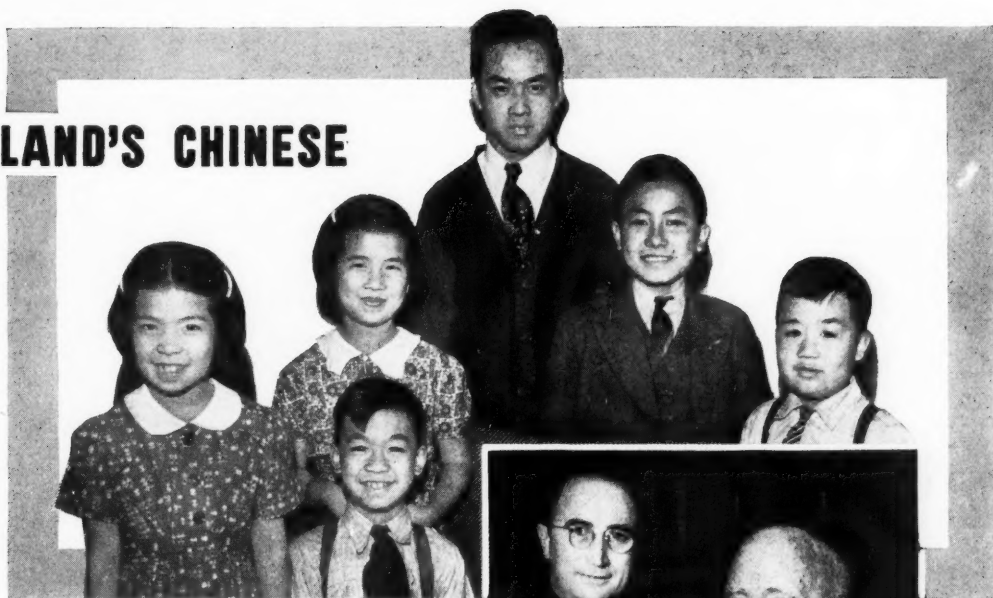
America advanced beyond the status of a missionary country itself, its Catholic people became foreign-mission-minded. The situation in other lands, less fortunate than America, placed a greater responsibility on the faithful here to send laborers into strange lands, and to help at home, by spiritual and material means, the cause of spreading the Gospel of Christ to all parts of the world. The enthusiasm for the missions, ever on the increase, is fostered chiefly through the great Catholic school system of the United States, ranging from the elementary schools to the universities and seminaries. Through these institutions the American people have been educated to the idea of advancing the mission cause by prayer, study, and sacrifice. The work of the propagation of the Faith is carried on with zeal through other diocesan and parochial agencies, especially through the pulpit and the press. In this connection, mention must also be made of the various missionary societies for young and old so that all the people might be organized to help to bring the light of Christ to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death.

A Maryknoll anniversary never can be thought of without mention of Bishop James Anthony Walsh, co-founder with Father Price of the Society, and Maryknoll's first Superior General. Of Bishop Walsh it can well be said that he builded better than he knew, because he looked to the Master of Apostles to begin and prosper the building of the Knoll, (*Continued on page 25*)

Generations of Indians were transformed from worshipers of the forest to sons of Christ.



CLEVELAND'S CHINESE



Chinese children at Cathedral School; Monsignor Smith, their sponsor, and Father Burke

LATE in the fall of 1940, the diocese of Cleveland was introduced to its first Chinese mission at home. On the door of St. John's Cathedral School a new sign—in Chinese—appeared: "Entrance to Chinese Club and English Class, Room 10."

Monsignor Joseph F. Smith, pastor of the Cathedral, is responsible for the new movement, which aims to interest some five hundred of Cleveland's Chinese in the Catholic Church.

So far, only one in the city is Catholic. He is Mr. Thomas Chan Poy. (His photograph appears in this issue, on page 1.) Mr. Chan, who was baptized by Monsignor Smith during the summer, is the highly respected president of the *On Leong Tong*. Through his influence and fine example, a half-dozen more Chinese have begun studying the doctrine.

When Father Martin J. Burke—a Maryknoll missionary home on furlough—visited Cleveland's Cathedral recently, it was discovered that he spoke the Szyap dialect, which is familiar to most of Cleveland's sons of Cathay, and Monsignor Smith pressed him into service. With residence at the Cathedral, Father Burke will devote all his time to Cleveland's Chinese.

Since he has been in the Lake City, Father Burke has been busy, meeting laundrymen, restaurateurs, and shopmen, talking to them all in the familiar dialect of the Sunning district of South China, where he had labored for ten years. The Orientals enjoy the novelty of an American priest conversing with them in their own language, and they have given Father Burke a Chinese name: *Buk Yau-to Shen Foo*. *Buk* is one of the one hundred Chinese family names and is a phonetic approximation of the missionary's patronymic. *Yau-to* means "one who shows the way"; and *Shen Foo*, "spiritual father."

At the opening of the club, Monsignor Smith explained to the two dozen Chinese present that the Catholic Church is interested in all the peoples of the earth. "Only in the Church founded by Christ," said the Monsignor, "is there room for the Irish, the German, the French, and all other nationalities of the world."

The facilities of the club are limited at the present time, since Room 10 is equipped only for reading and for the teaching of Christian doctrine and English. It is planned to add, as the club grows, such amusements as Chinese chess for the older men, and ping-pong, basket ball, and volley ball for the younger men and the children.

An excellent supply of reading material, all in Chinese, includes Cardinal Wiseman's "Fabiola," Father Sommer's "Mother and Child," Monsignor Sheen's "Tactics of Communism," and Father Martindale's "What You See in a Catholic Church."

Eight Chinese children have already been enrolled in St. John's School, as a result of the club's activities, and there is promise of even greater numbers at the opening of the second term in January.

With such centers established at Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and now at Cleveland, new links are being added to the chain which already binds America to the conversion of the Orientals all over the world.

Follow Cleveland's Chinese with your prayers!



THE STREET HAWKER

By Rev. Joseph P. McGinn

A BROAD, shallow stream lazily meanders through the long valley to a spot fifteen miles away. Turning and twisting past the hundreds of mud-brick hamlets, it empties itself quickly into a murky, yellow sea. All along its tortuous route, rice fields and vegetable patches stretch away on either side to the encircling hills that serve as

as are its bazaars, is actually as secret and hidden as is the Forbidden City.

Removed a pace from the hurly-burly of market days, yet close enough to be considered an integral part of town, the Catholic mission overlooks the old grist mill and the river. Here the "Spiritual Father" dwells, a stranger

footstools to jagged, fir-clad mountains. Rare Generosity Market and Trustworthy Confidence, the county seat, lie at the lower end of the valley; at its head, against the high hills, is our town, Eastern Market.

Distinctively nondescript, Eastern Market might be any one of a hundred thousand Chinese towns, the embodiment of all market villages. A single business street, lined with open shops, sharply curves its length midway to follow the course of the river. At the back, beyond the shops, low tiled dwellings are clustered together like bees round a hive, with only two clan temples and a few two-story "big houses" of the local gentry standing out prominently. In other words, Eastern Market is nothing more than a town "by the bend of the river," undistinguished, formless, and sleepy—except on market days. Yet, here are to be found, as in New York or Chicago, all the fundamental factors and features of life: bitter tragedy, hilarious comedy, ambitious self-scheming, and heroic self-denial.

Here are the braggart, the bore, the good companion; pride unbridled and unashamed, Christian living unknown and unsung; saints and sinners, the human species at its worst and at its best. Our town is a microcosm of human existence. The facade differs, of course, from the western pattern: the language, dress, and customs are eastern; the characteristic features of machine civilization—factories, wheeled vehicles, and electrical contrivances—are missing; the rule of law is overshadowed by the rule of man; privacy is at a premium, yet the real life of our town, apparently open and transparent

from over the broad seas but an accepted resident, as familiar a component of the local scene as the bamboo clumps by the river's brim. Before him, as the years pass, the Chinese scroll of sorrows and joys, hopes and fears, is unrolled. Tales he could tell, tales of this hillbilly town, mirroring life the world over. For example, the unfinished story of Paul, the crippled boy, could have happened any place.

Stricken by infantile paralysis in babyhood, Paul was partially restored to health only to find himself an orphan at the age of twelve. It was then he came to the mission, where he found food and shelter. Remedial physical exercise consisted in taking care of the priest's horse and a daily sweeping of the grounds. Thanks to these, the unwanted cripple gradually developed into a comparatively able young man.

After a few years the time came for Paul to make his way in the world. His apprenticeship to a candy maker was secured, and, when that was served out, the mission furnished Paul with the small capital necessary for a venture in street hawking.

Alas, neither Paul nor the padre reckoned with the local racketeers. These "protective alliance" citizens threw sand and salt into the boy's stock of goods; they beat him with sticks, and again and again drove him out of the market precincts. His crippled condition, far from exciting sympathy, only added to the possibilities for further abuse to be heaped upon him. Yet, in spite of it all, Paul persisted, and eventually won the unchallenged right to "make his pitch" alongside the entrance to town.

All this time he had been living alone in the two-room hut that constituted his ancestral mansion. Hardly had the first ob-

stacles of this modern Job been overcome when one night, without warning, the ravages of rain and white ants reached their peak, causing the roof beams to collapse.

Then the war came.

Prices of everything went sky high, business slackened, money grew scarce. Today (*Continued on page 27*)

Along the single business street, hawkers call out their wares.



THAT MAN AGAIN!

By Rev. Thomas J. Bauer

FATHER, Mr. Shih is here again."

"What? Again! Well, show him in."

Mr. Shih's appearance at the mission gate was beginning to rival the mission wall clock for regularity. The visits started sometime ago, when he unobtrusively pried his way into our circle of friends. Graciously, with the politeness that only a Chinese gentleman can muster, he ran the gamut of civil inquiries, asking the majestic place of our birth, the ennobled business to which we attend with such diligence, and all the in-betweens.

We were not a little impressed with this old school-teacher, it must be admitted, and little begrudged him the time he so thoughtlessly squandered, though his every visit was prefaced by some appeal for medical attention and ended with several polite questions about religion. Somehow, we began to think that Mr. Shih was delving rather deeply into the doctrine to keep up his end of the tacit bargain.

On this particular morning Mr. Shih began, "Has Father eaten morning rice?" And so on, until: "Father, I am a big nuisance, but—my boy, he doesn't eat his rice, sometimes he feels a little feverish—and my daughter-in-law. . . . Please may I inquire, what is meant by the Communion of Saints?"

I thought that my pupil was surely getting along in the Apostles' Creed, if he was down that far, so I answered him in parable: "Life on earth would be extremely difficult for just one man alone. Imagine what life would be if one man had to plow the fields, make his own tools and clothes and shoes, cook his own rice, wash and mend his own clothes. Society and the government perform part of these duties for us. So also is it in the spiritual life. We'd have a hard time of it, all by ourselves. But none of us is working alone. All the good men and women who died and went to heaven are helping us—especially when it comes to making up our minds to become Catholics. And that would be a difficult decision to make if no one aided us."

"Yes, indeed, Father," agreed my guest. "Well, I must go now."

That last hint perhaps was too direct for the old scholar. For some weeks we did not see him, and I fell to wondering if he had been frightened off, or if, possibly, he were reading the books we had given him on his last visit. All Saints Day and Advent passed, then Christmas, and still no Mr. Shih.

No wonder, then, that I was startled on New

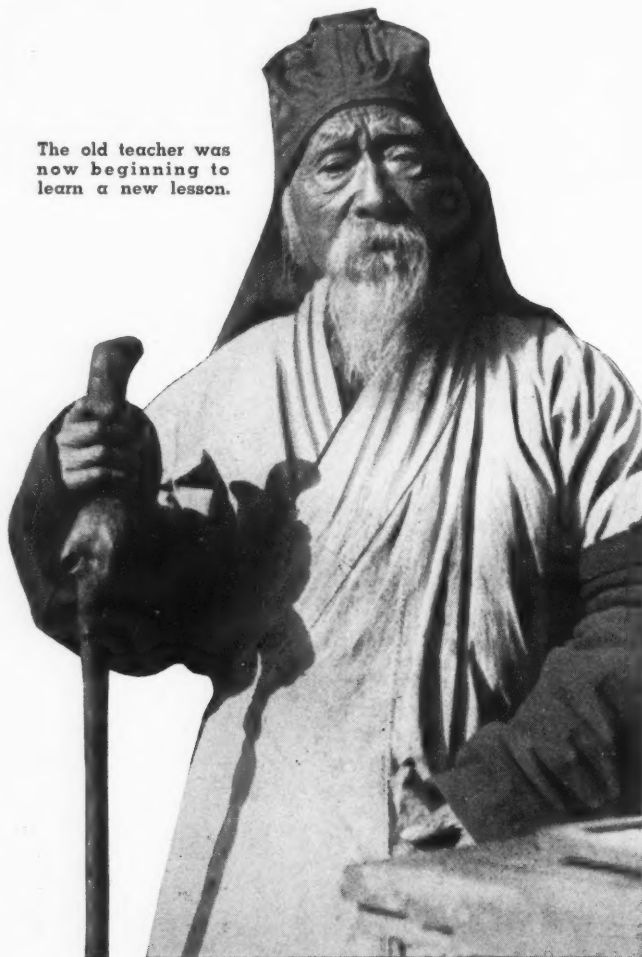
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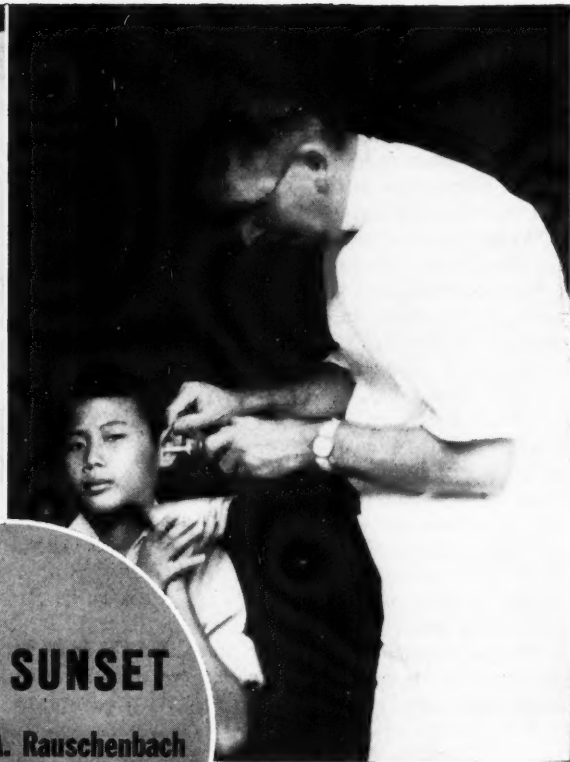
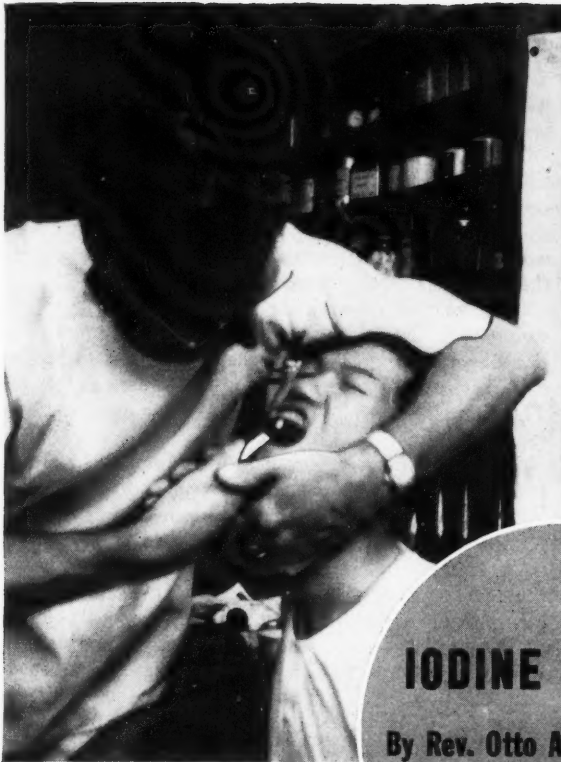
Toward noon, when the people began to disperse, Mr. Shih finally sidled up to me. "Please, Father," he stammered, "perhaps you would let the catechist come to visit my humble home?"

He was overwhelmed with an instant and wholehearted approval.

"And, Father," he finished, "the Communion of Saints includes the living Christians, too, doesn't it?"

The old teacher was now beginning to learn a new lesson.





IODINE SUNSET

By Rev. Otto A. Rauschenbach

Every dispensary must have
a dental department. . . .

Ear-washing is a hardship
for Chinese boys, too.

MANY are the libels against the work done by mission dispensaries: patients are simply painted up with iodine to look like Indians and not Chinese; valuable time is wasted, as never was there a direct conversion from dispensary work.

To answer the last objection first: it is axiomatic that conversions come through contacts. Generally, the more contacts, the more conversions. Hence, every mission activity has this as its ultimate aim. But no mission activity throws the missionary into greater contact with every member of the family than does dispensary work. Father, mother, sister, brother, all—at one time or another—have pains and aches, chills and fevers, and even more serious complaints. Hence, all—at one time or another—come streaming into the dispensary. Last year we had over twenty thousand cases in our two dispensaries. Though we did not perform any miracles or give out new bodies, we hope we sent our patients away more or less satisfied and friendly; hence, better material for future contacts.

"Yes, but that is as far as it goes," I hear the cynic say. That, too, depends on the missionary. A contact is an open door, but we must enter it to gain the ultimate results. Our very first convert in this new field was such a contact. When he expressed his gratitude for the curing of his badly infected arm, we suggested that he might

make the gratitude more articulate by looking into the doctrine, the principal reason for our being here. The result was his entry into the fold a few months later. The case of the official's son was similar, though more serious. In his case we had to enlist the assistance of the Little Flower. Net results: the patient himself, his mother, and two sisters were brought into the Church. Mr. Wong, the tax collector, ill with a severe case of malaria, found his way into the true fold along with his whole family. And so on! I could enumerate dozens of similar cases from personal experience.

Every libel has an element of truth in it. It is perfectly true that there are very many cases where we can do the patient very little real good with our limited means. The principle we work on is to give the patient something, even if it is nothing more than a couple of aspirin tablets or some soda mints. The sick feel better when they leave us, and, as Dr. Walsh says, "take the cure while it cures."

But just one more word. Why must a missionary assume the role of physician of the body as well as of the soul? Simply because, if we do not, it will not be done. When Our Lord sent His apostles to preach to the whole world, did He not say something about curing also?

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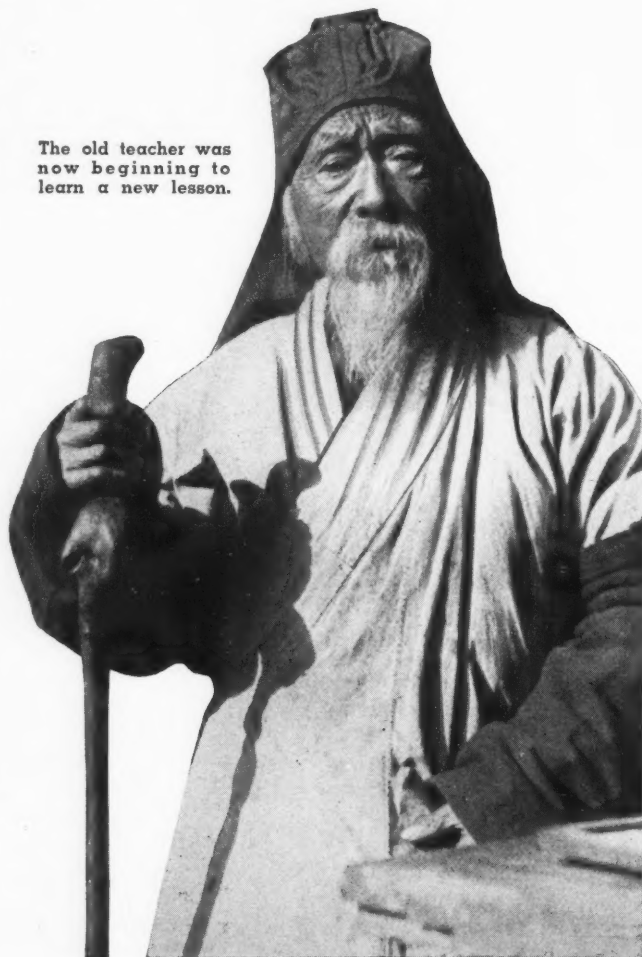
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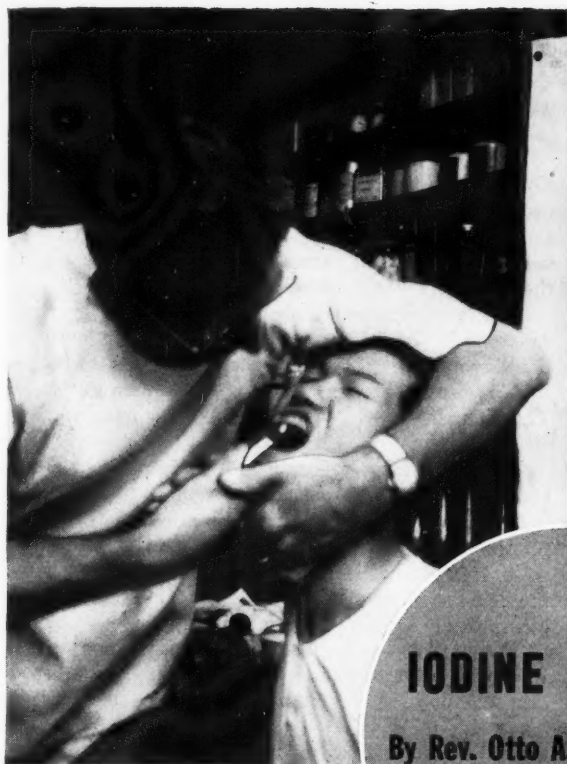
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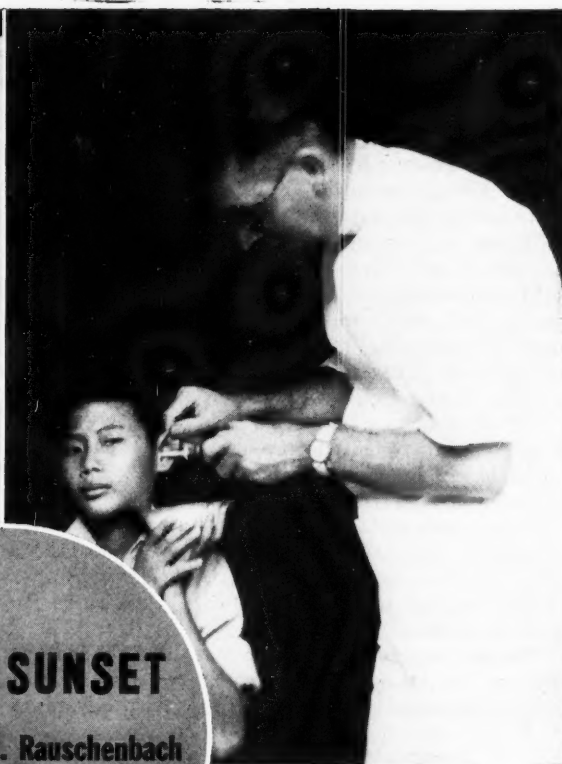
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OUR WORLD OF MISSIONS

THE Holy See, through Archbishop Costantini, answers our question regarding the fate of the Church's fifty thousand missionaries laboring over the world. Appealing for the Propagation of the Faith Society, the Pope's mission treasury, His Excellency says:

"What are our missionaries doing these days? How are they faring? Are they able to continue their work?"

"I am pleased, and proud as well, to be able to give you a direct answer to these questions. Our missionaries continue as watchful sentinels in the foremost trenches of the Faith. They are, as ever, at their posts, guarding the front lines.

"While I was still in China some years ago, during a period greatly troubled by revolutions, a missionary wrote to his bishop as follows: 'I thank Your Excellency for inquiring regarding my safety. However, the missionaries who went before us did not abandon their posts in time of danger. If we wish to add a fitting page to the history of our Mission, we must write in the same vein as they. Hence, we shall remain where we are.' Evidently, the style is the heroic one.

"It goes without saying that mission work must be severely handicapped under circumstances like those of today. In some instances, it is completely paralyzed, as

where missionaries have been interned or have been placed in confinement.

"During the first centuries of Christianity, when the Church was still in the missionary stage, Saint Irenaeus declared: 'The teachings of Christ are like a treasure stored in a precious vase; the Spirit keeps this treasure constantly fresh and communicates its freshness also to the vase itself.' (*St. Iren. IV, 24-3*)

"Our missionaries carry about with them this precious vase, and in these days replete with strife and contradiction dispense the treasures of the Redemption to peoples still in spiritual darkness, planting the Church as they go. The Church flourishes and spreads, retaining always her eternal youth.

"It should be our task to help the missionaries by ardent prayer and unwearying generosity, supplying them at least with their daily needs, at least with a morsel of bread to sustain them in their life of toil. Those of us who are more fortunately placed should endeavor to supply for the inability of our poorer brethren to meet the full demands of charity at the present hour.

"In an allocution on September 4, His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, spoke as follows: 'Glance up at Golgotha, my dear children, and admire the Church, the Spouse of

At Chicago's Diamond Jubilee for the Negro, Bishop O'Brien, of Extension, is greeted by Negro clergy and laity.



Oblate World

Christ, who with the chalice of His Blood goes forth to the conquest and reconciliation of the world to God. At her side is Peter, the Vicar of Christ, holding the Keys of Heaven, and also the apostles, the bishops, priests, and others who cooperate in this holy undertaking.'

"The most needy of these cooperators, today, are the missionaries."

FOE OF FRIEND AND FOE

Maryknollers share the grave preoccupation of all at the increasing strength of communism.

Doctor Thorning of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, a thoughtful investigator of world affairs as they touch the Church, has recently made some observations on the subject in relation to Asia.

"The conviction is almost universal in the Far East," says Dr. Thorning, "that Joseph Stalin, dictator of Soviet Russia, must be regarded as the eventual foe. Both Chinese and Japanese realize that the minions of the Third International are now more active in the Orient than at any time in the past fifteen years. Although the Chinese have been enjoying the benefit of a thin trickle of military supplies from Siberia to Chungking, they understand perfectly well that this support from Soviet Russia is given more to embarrass Japan than to promote order and stability in Asia.

"According to my information, Soviet Russia is to be accorded a free hand not only with respect to the western provinces of China, but also through India to the warm-water port of Karachi. In short, China and India are both on the auction block, with all of their incalculable consequences for civilization and Christianity in the Orient."

At Maryknoll we discuss political matters only in so far as they affect the larger issues of religion and the welfare of the world. Knowing what Russian domination in any part of the world can mean for the things of Christ, we call the attention of all Knoll friends to the growing peril. Every square mile of the earth which passes under the Russian yoke is blazoned with the Red signboard which reads, "Let no Catholic missioner dare set foot here."



This statue of Saint Isaac Jogues at Auriesville depicts the Saint instructing Indian children.

THE FUTURE INVOKES THE PAST

In Okayama, Japan, and Wuchang, China, there are two educational institutions, the air of which breathes charm and ardor; the teachers of which, smiling quietly at odds, point calmly and surely toward ideals high above all passing conflicts; the students of which, a chosen elite, earnestly seek precious gain for tomorrow from the privilege of their milieu. The schools are the foundations in the Far East of the American Sisters of Notre Dame.

We who know the splendid colleges of Notre Dame in the United States, and the four religious provinces with over two thousand members, are apt to forget that a brief yesterday ago the community in America comprised but a small band of pioneers, and that what are the possessions of today came into being only after weary years of struggle.

We have occasion to recall all this now, for the community this year celebrates

the hundredth anniversary of its beginning in Cincinnati. Maryknoll's prayers and congratulations go to the Sisters of Notre Dame.

Most stirring in the record of the Sisters' centenary celebration is their effort to dwell not on the past, but on the future. At Cincinnati the centenary souvenir carried the names of the first members on America's soil and a warm and thoughtful invocation:

"Each name a life, detached from lesser things, knowing no defeat in face of unknown and undreamed adventure of the soul, battling for other souls in Our Lady's name, pleading that the TWENTIETH CENTURY lack not the vision to recognize adventure still ahead, calling for the same rugged, noble, rich, and prayerful service from those who, in today's baffling maze, have again the privilege to be pioneers!"

It is this spirit that has sent the Sisters of Notre Dame to China and Japan, that assures us from them of great, as-yet-unwritten chapters of missionary achievement.

The slogan "Eyes on tomorrow" gives the Sisters of Notre Dame and all American Sisters, dedicated to winning new followers for Christ, courage to keep building when seemingly all the world is tearing down.

THE BANNER OF CHRIST

ONE member of the American hierarchy who, as early as 1911, espoused the cause of foreign missions was the Most Reverend Michael J. Hoban, Bishop of Scranton. In a letter dated April, 1911, Bishop Hoban wrote:

"I am heartily in favor of the projected American Foreign Mission Seminary. I have longed for the day when this hope might be realized, and the Gospel of Christ might be preached in foreign lands by American priests."

Bishop Hoban welcomed Maryknoll's first junior seminary to his diocese in 1913. Five years later, when our pioneer group was leaving for China, he said:

"Tonight will be historical in the annals of the Scranton diocese. We are gathered here to say goodbye to these men, who have dedicated their lives to spreading the Gospel in far-off China."

"America stands in the forefront in the eyes of the Orient today. No longer can France, Germany, Italy, poor Belgium, and Spain send mission priests to foreign lands. So disciples from the New World go forth to carry on that work started so gloriously by apostles from the Old. These men do not go as soldiers to fight for liberty and democracy, but they go as apostles of peace, under the banner of Jesus Christ."

"It is noteworthy that just four hundred years after the first missionary efforts of the great

missioners of the past—Saint Francis Xavier and his confreres—began the conquest of Asia for Christ, America should send forth her first band of priests to that very portion of China—Canton—which Xavier aimed to evangelize. He died gazing on the field he was never to reach. Now American priests will continue Xavier's work, animated by his zeal for souls and anxious, if need be, to offer life itself to carry on Christianity's work."



THE GO-BETWEEN

YOUNG Mr. Ichiro is now twenty-seven, and his parents have decided that he shall take unto himself a bride, so forthwith the many friends and relatives are officially informed of the happy decree. It is understood, of course, that they will lend a willing hand in the matter of providing a mate. Secretly, many may have been waiting for the day of announcement, as they know of a good partner for Ichiro San. At any rate, everybody does his best, going through lists of acquaintances in search of a likely bride, for over here it is considered quite an honor to bear the title of go-between, which carries with it no little responsibility in arranging the marriages of young people. It's a serious business.

In short order now, reports of prospective brides begin to arrive, each accompanied by a photograph and reasons why she would be a suitable match for Ichiro San. With these recommendations, the family council again convenes, this time considering the family, position, wealth, and character of each prospect, and finally selecting one. Ichiro San, too, comes in on these discussions. In fact, the selection has been almost a daily household topic for some time; but now the responsibility goes over to the go-between who has presented the lucky bride's name, and the marriage arrangement proceeds.

The next thing in order for the go-between is the staging of the first meeting of the prospective bride and groom at the go-between's home, or at a theater, a shrine festival, or a picnic. The young couple are usually accompanied by their parents, who are thought to be better judges of men and women and character. If the meeting proves successful, the go-between thereafter makes a formal proposal to the bride, and this is accompanied by an engagement present. The latter consists of a monetary offering; on its acceptance the marriage becomes binding. The wedding itself is now but a matter of time.

From the engagement present, which is determined as ten per cent of Ichiro San's annual earnings, one tenth is set aside to cover the go-between's expenses in arranging the match. The bride adds to the remaining sum double the amount, and now she and her mother embark upon a busy season. With this budget the young lady must buy kimonos and other clothes for herself, and useful articles needed in setting up a new household. Then all is in readiness for the ceremony.

Formerly, in Japan, the wedding ceremony was held



The Japanese wedding service is a simple ritual performed with much dignity, and one that requires a great deal of time.

only at night, but now it may take place in the morning or afternoon, at the bridegroom's house or at a Shinto shrine. Unless it is a church service, the Japanese wedding has no religious significance. The simple ritual is performed with great dignity and requires much time. Its main feature is the alternate drinking or sipping of rice wine, first by the groom, then by the bride, in series of three sips, until nine cups have been tasted by each.

There now remains only the wedding banquet, at which time the go-between discharges his final task; namely, that of rendering the felicitous speech before relatives and friends, making known to all the virtues and accomplishments of the newly married couple. Of late there is in Japan a tendency to follow the occidental system of marriages, but such is not common, and by far the greater number of Japanese still cling to the ancient go-between method, with all its delays and intricacies.

MARYKNOLL

THE FIELD AFAR

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

Founded 1907 by Ecclesiastical Authority. Published Monthly.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

NEW YEAR

The dawn of another year will be greeted with mixed feelings by many, with hope by some, with misgivings by not a few. We live in a world of disillusionment in which great segments of humanity have little anticipation of happiness. And yet it is certain to be a happy new year for you. With the whole globe plunged in disorder, with misery increasing on every side, with crisis after crisis impending, with actual chaos looming, you still remain secure and content in the possession of the only real reason for happiness that can exist in any sort of world. Whatever the new year brings to the battle-scarred planet and the battered people on it, it is bound to bring to you the only things worth while, in the treasures that are yours through your Faith. It may bring you sorrow, but it must bring you consolation. It may bring you poverty, but it must bring you riches. It may bring you struggle, but it must bring you peace. For it must bring you the gifts of God, His blessings, His grace, His sacraments, Himself.

The Faith is enough to make every year happy for everybody. And "Happy New Year" will sound around the world for all God's children, when they have been made to share that same fortunate Faith with you.

CHILDREN

Speaking of children, how about instilling in their minds a knowledge of the foreign missions? The realization that men and women are consecrating their lives for those who know not Christ, can do much to turn the thoughts of the child outward—and upward—to social and spiritual responsibilities. Is there a better ideal than unselfishness? And is there a better picture of unselfishness than the missions, where our priests and Sisters go the whole way for Christ and souls? See that the children get this inspiration.

POPE OF THE MISSIONS

American Catholics who have followed and understood the policies of the Holy See in this generation are no whit surprised by the ever-increasing insistence on mission work. It is part of a general policy that has covered their

lifetime. They witnessed the great efforts of Pope Benedict XV to stimulate and strengthen the missions of the Church. They saw the extraordinary labors of Pope Pius XI, who augmented and reorganized the entire mission program. They found in the first official message of the present Holy Father a glowing pronouncement on the missions, and they have observed his renewal of Pentecost in consecrating twelve modern apostolic leaders for the missions. And they have also seen the response to all this stimulation on the part of the Holy See. They have seen the mission army increase, as new societies began their activity and old societies renewed their activity. They have seen whole new countries launch into the work, and one of them was their own. They have seen the list of mission converts grow and swell until it has reached the annual figure of a half million. In short, they have seen many things done that could be calculated to emphasize the work of the missions, and very little left undone.

This means that we are face to face with a policy of the Church. Its mission emphasis is part of a deeply cherished, carefully studied, and insistently promulgated plan. It is not by accident that we live in a mission age. It is because the Holy See has deliberately made it so.

LOYALTY

There are arguments pro and con on every conceivable subject under the sun with the exception of one, and that is loyalty. It is easy to understand the man who does not care how many pagans there are, how hard their lives, how meager their rewards, how many diseases they die of. Others find little cogency in such objectives as the exaltation of Holy Mother the Church, the salvation of the souls of their brothers, the reign of Christ in the hearts of men, the glory of God on high. These are reasons for missions that leave many cold, and, while we do not know any better ones, we can understand the natural human apathy that fails to grasp them. But there remains one reason to do mission work that should escape no one, and that is because both God and the Pope said to do it. In this sense the foreign missions are not a subject of debate for Catholics, but a question of loyalty.

CROSS AND FLAG

From the musty records of the past, like the lingering fragrance of lavender imprisoned in old lace, comes a breath of something sweet. Here is the oath required to be taken by all public officials during the period of Spain's great expansion in the eighteenth century: "I swear before God, on the Holy Cross, and on the four Evangelists, to maintain and defend the mystery of the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady, the Virgin Mary, and to support the royal jurisdiction to which I appertain by virtue of my office." The cross went with the flag, and with it went also a surpassing love for the maiden mother who stood beneath the cross.

Because Spanish exploration was a human work, it could not be perfect. It had its sins of omission and commission; it was marred by mistakes and reverses; it suffered from faulty agents and unworthy personnel; it remained spasmodic and incomplete. Yet it records an essential success traceable to its lofty aim. Through all its welter of human imperfection ran the gold thread of dedication to a divine design. The officials of the crown did not always act in the spirit of the oath that was designed to emphasize the central purpose of the national effort; but the purpose was always present, underlying at least when it was not uppermost, and never without effect.

It is significant that the Spanish expansion represents the greatest single effort in history to extend the Faith, if we except the apostolic age. Its human failure lay in the character of a problem that must by its nature be the work of centuries. Its divine success lay in providing the eventual solution of the problem by imparting the Christian leaven to every population with which it came in contact. In the slow unfolding of national and racial developments, history will yet tell of victory. The work begun in Mary's honor will end in the triumph of Mary's Son.

PERFECTION

A pagan nation is a civilization without Christ, but it does not imply a people without God. It lacks the vital knowledge of a loving Redeemer, but it has experienced

the providential help of a merciful Father. Otherwise, it would not be a civilization at all, but rather a chaos. God does not abandon His strayed children. He leads them by a partial light until they are prepared to recognize in His Son the full brightness of eternal light. Hence,



Wang Su-ta

Opening their treasures, they offered him gifts: gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

they are never so far from God's eyes as some imagine, although they are as far from His arms as could readily be conceived.

It is important to realize that non-Christian races are not composed of abandoned people, sunk in hopeless quagmires of iniquity, but rather of worthy human beings who possess astonishingly fine qualities while lacking certain elements vital to their full development. A case in point is the highly civilized Orient. Observers consider, for instance, that the only thing needed by China to make it a perfect nation is a sense of discipline, and that the only thing needed to place Japan in the same category is a sense of humor. These needs at once bring to mind the one organization in the world that is famous for supplying both, and it is, of course, the Catholic Church.

All of God's children are surprisingly good, and more's the pity. One more step to the revelation of His Son, and they would be confirmed and completed in their best potentialities and highest aspirations. The mission task is, therefore, entirely simple while it remains completely vital. Give Christ, who alone can prepare a perfect people.

Number of Churches
and non-resident chapels
1,067



MARYKNOLL PRIESTS 201
BROTHERS 13



MALE CATECHISTS 294
TEACHERS 206



Includes Philippines and Hawaiian Islands

IN AN AREA
Approximately 89,300 So

25,000,000 NON-CHRISTI
80,000 CHRISTIANS

ONE YEAR'S
1939/1940

BAPTISMS
16,647



EASTER COMMUNICANTS
41,490



EXTREME UNCTION
1,580



SEMINARIES FOR NATIVES 5
Seminarians 392



SECONDARY SCHOOLS 2
Boys 105
Girls 25



ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS 59
Boys 5,161
Girls 3,751



PRAYER SCHOOLS
Boys 2,011
Girls 3,851



HOSPITALS 1
Number of Beds 22



DISPENSARIES 47
Cases Treated 374,299

LEPROSARIUM 1
Lepers 317



HOMES FOR THE AGED 8
Men 120
Women 97



AN AREA
ly 189,300 Sq. Mi.

NON-CHRISTIANS
CHRISTIANS

AN'S WORK

39,1940

MARYKNOLL SISTERS 251



FEMALE CATECHISTS 279
TEACHERS 153



Includes Philippines and Hawaiian Islands

Number of Convents
42



REVENUE FUNCTIONS
1,580



CONFIRMATIONS
2,961



MARRIAGES
669



RAY'S SCHOOLS 97
Boys 2,016
Girls 3,850



INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS 3
Boys 11
Girls 64



HOSTELS 6
Students 91



NOVITIATES FOR NATIVES 6
Sisters 168



HOMES FOR THE BLIND 6
Inmates 86

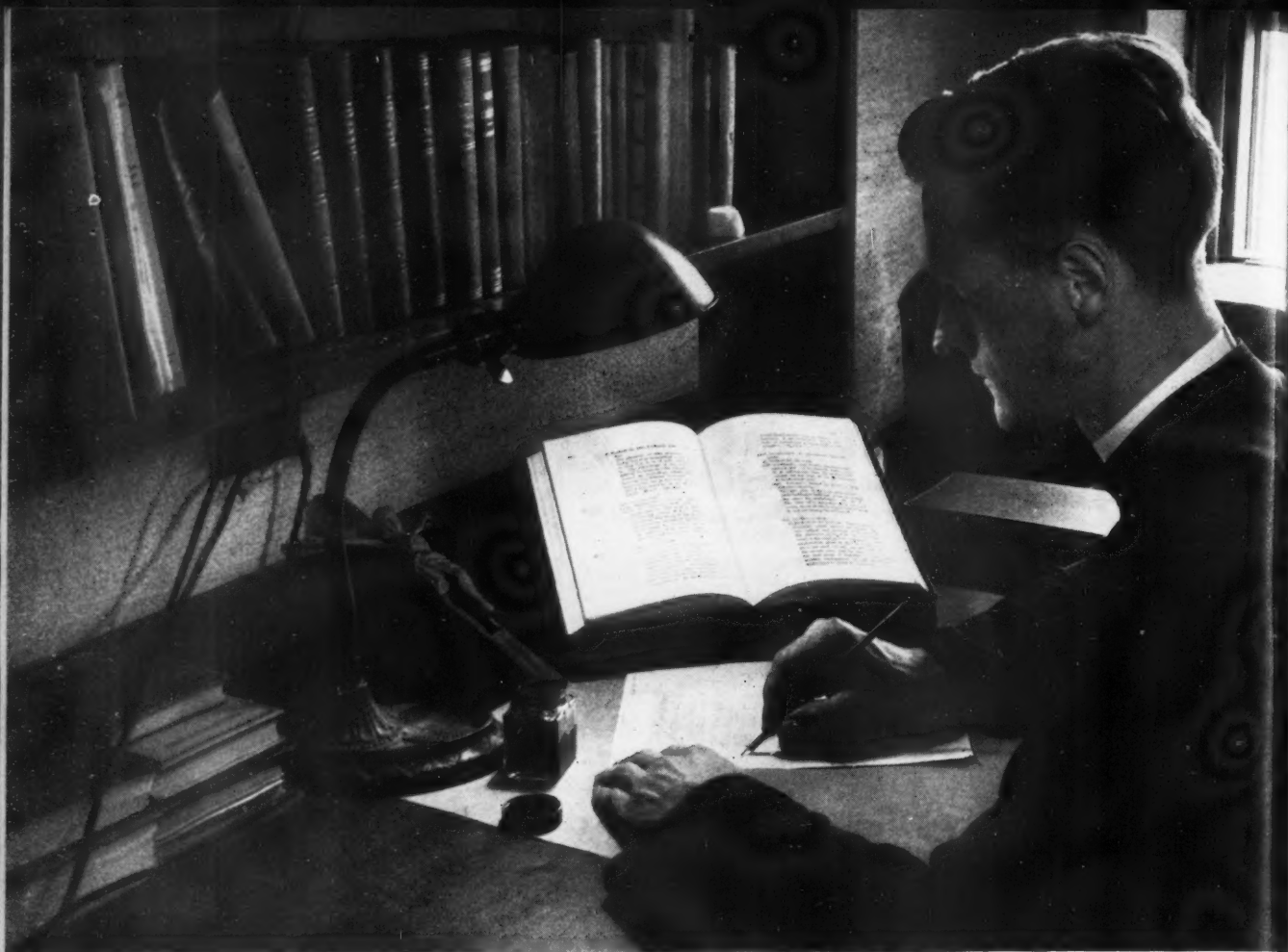


CATECHUMENATES
30 Courses during the year
Men attending 619
Women attending 649



ORPHANAGES 20
Orphans 381





THE SHOE PINCHES

We are crowded, we lack room.

Strange predicament this, compared with that of others!

Recently the mother of a stalwart young Dutch boy wrote:

"Yesterday I found a yellow flower on the hill behind our house, the last flower of the dying summer, and I put it on Peter's grave.

"For it was a feast day for my Peter; it was the day on which, had the war not taken him, he would have returned to the mission seminary for his last year of studies.

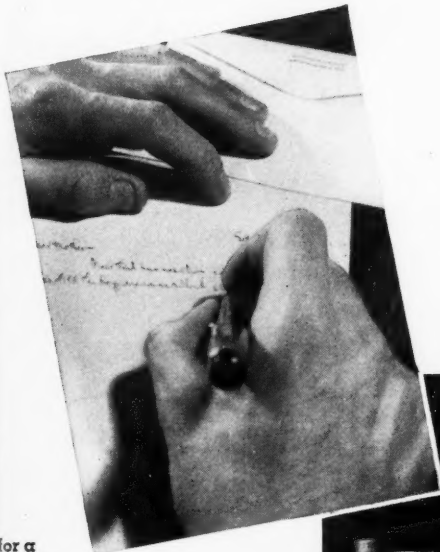
"Instead, his soul is with God, and his body in the earth. His seminary room—where he studied, prayed, read, wrote, slept, dreamed, prepared for his golden tomorrow overseas—is empty."

How strange are God's ways! Our rooms at Maryknoll are not empty. In America no heartbroken mothers mourn their Peters. We are spared. And if we are spared, it is evidently for a purpose—that we may fill the voids left by the death of many Peters. God is calling our young men to the mission priesthood overseas.

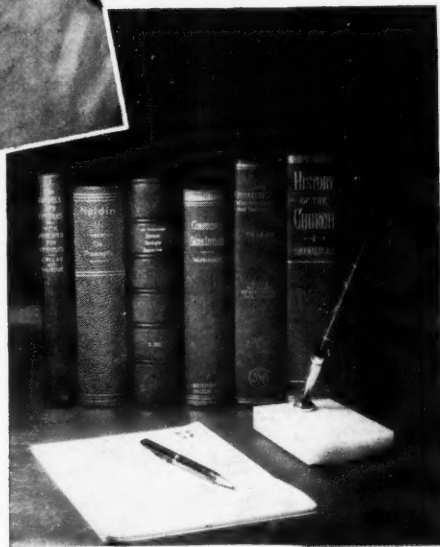
At the Knoll our increased enrollment finds us with one spare student room and one spare guest room, lacking rooms for faculty members, minus two or three classrooms, in need of adjustments for the physical training of our seminarians. Hence we must complete an unfinished wing of our building, which will give us 62 new student rooms.

In our November issue of *The Field Afar* we hinted that we should need more rooms for our students, and three benefactors have each sent the required offering—\$500—to provide for one.

Perhaps you, too, would consider such a donation, or a portion thereof.



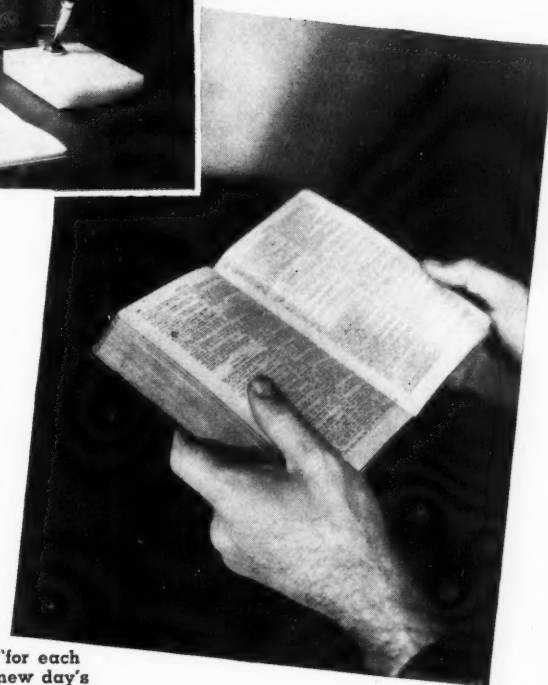
"for a
message
for home"



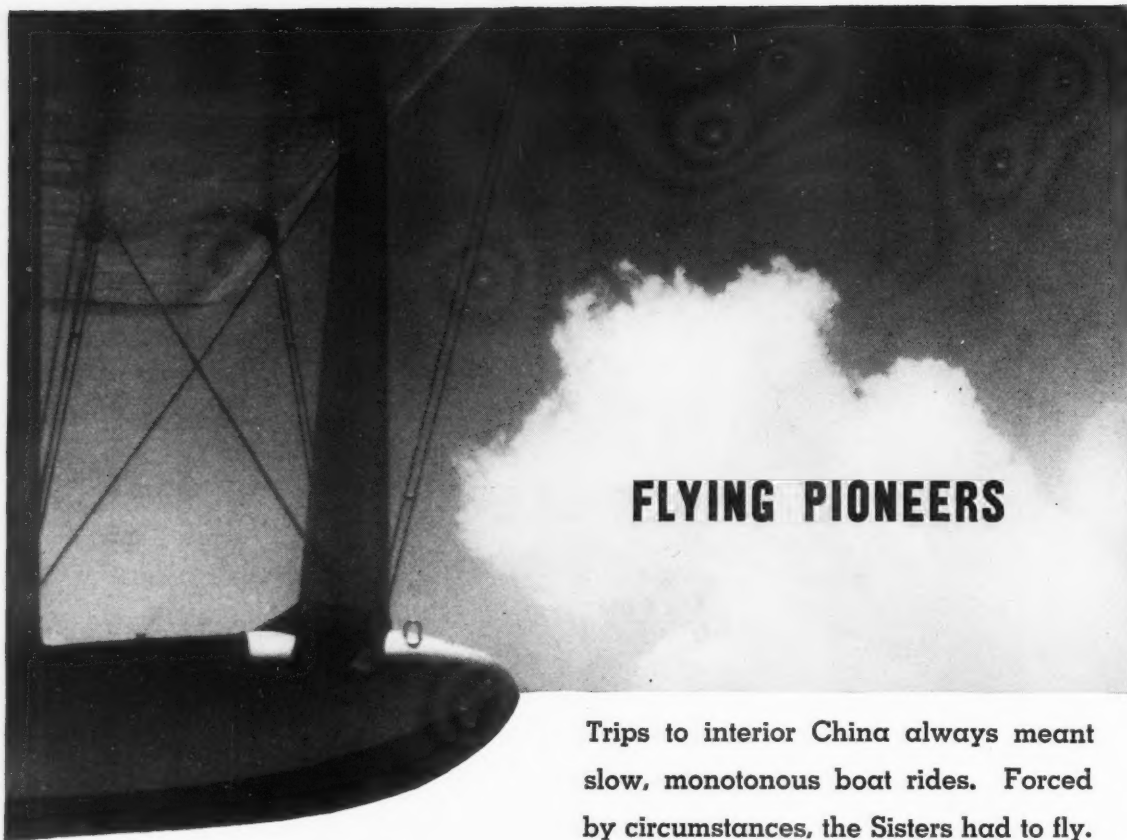
"for hours
with his
books"

WHAT A ROOM MEANS

His room is a part of a seminarian's self. It is the silent witness of each new day's prayers; the sentinel on guard as he dwells with his books; his companion in happiness when the quiet hour comes and he writes a message for home or dreams a dream of eventful tomorrows. His room is a tool that helps form him for souls.



"for each
new day's
prayers"



FLYING PIONEERS

Trips to interior China always meant slow, monotonous boat rides. Forced by circumstances, the Sisters had to fly.

The Maryknoll Sisters' Page

IT was something new in Maryknoll history when, in order to open a new mission in the interior of China, two Sisters flew to their destination. Five hours after leaving Hong Kong by plane they landed three hundred miles inland, in the city of Kweilin, which, incidentally, they found deserted because of air-raid alarms. Quite a contrast to the two weeks' journey of the Sisters who eighteen months before had opened the nearest mission at Laipo!

At that time, after two unsuccessful attempts to reach there, they finally made the trip via Indo-China over a circuitous route, traveling by steamer, junk, sampan, bus, and sedan chair, with considerable walking and wading thrown in. Even the Indo-China route is now closed, cutting off all access to Kweilin by land.

In order to have the Sisters established in Kweilin to open a catechumenate for women on the Feast of the Assumption, Monsignor Romaniello arranged for the Sisters to travel by plane. Originally scheduled to make a night flight, leaving at midnight, Friday, August second, the Sisters had to make hurried final preparations to leave at two in the afternoon, instead. The trip was made by Sister Rose Victor Mersinger, of St. Louis, Missouri, superior of the new mission, and Sister Mary Cornelia

Collins, of Everett, Massachusetts, assigned to Laipo to replace Sister Gabriel Marie Devlin, of Ozone Park, New York, transferred from Laipo to Kweilin.

This is how Sister Rose Victor described the trip, in a letter which took seven weeks to reach the Motherhouse: "We hardly knew we were leaving the ground, and before I could get my bearings we were out of Hong Kong. One last look yielded a glimpse of St. Theresa's Church tower and Maryknoll Convent School blending into the Kowloon hills. Then, in a flash of a second, we were in the clouds—clouds above us, clouds below us, clouds to the right and to the left!

"I opened my breviary and began to say Vespers. The psalms took on a new meaning, as I read them in the clouds. 'Thou hast known my sitting down and my rising up,' I read, as we shot up a thousand feet or more till specks of blue sky were once more visible.

"God never seemed so close as when, up there, I read on—'Whither shall I go from thy spirit? Or whither shall I flee from thy face? If I ascend into heaven, thou art there.'

"Then, through snowy white clouds, specks of green land appeared below—mountains and valleys bright with

rice fields in varied shades of green. Then blue sky again and more fleecy clouds. 'If I take my wings in the early morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea: Even there also shall thy hand lead me.'

"We needed that consolation, for soon we went through four severe storms, the wind howling, the rain pounding against the windows, the plane lurching from side to side, as we wondered what would happen next. In the last ten minutes of the trip we passed through the worst storm. We could see mountain peaks below. As we felt the plane dropping, we wondered where we might land.

"By this time my ears were ringing all the way down to my tonsils. I grew deafer and deafer. The storm raged. The plane swooped down. I looked for a hangar. I saw none. I was sure we were making a forced landing! The motor made funny noises. We went lower and lower. The plane glided, then stood still. It was pouring rain. There wasn't a soul to be seen anywhere!

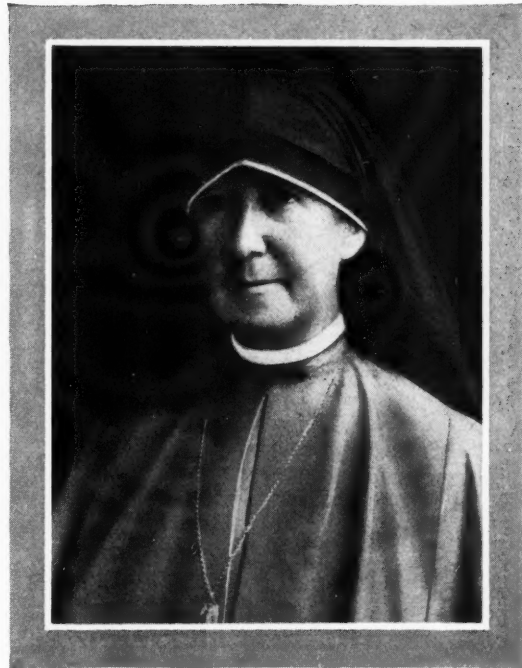
"Then Sister Cornelia spied a bus, and we heard a voice saying in English, 'Mothers, are you connected with the Catholic mission?' It was an official of the air line.

"We were the first foreign Sisters ever seen here. As soon as we set foot on the street, we noticed everyone's eyes opening wider.

"Of our many pleasant surprises perhaps the best is to find that we can really converse with the people! We could hardly believe it at first. Our tones are exactly like the ones used here. It's lucky for us that this is so! Monsignor wants us to train a group of refugee children to sing for a Catholic Hour broadcast, besides getting ready to open a catechumenate for the women after the Feast.

"I get frightened when I think of it. Then I remember reciting those psalms in the clouds. I remind myself that the air waves, too, are the Lord's. 'Even there also shall thy hand lead me.'"

At the end of a two weeks' journey by boat



SISTER MARY LUMENA McMAHON

For Sister Mary Lumena, who died at the Motherhouse on November 14, the past twenty years spent in the Maryknoll Sisters' community crowned a long life of distinguished service in the field of education.

As the first Novice Mistress of our community, as the first Sister missioned to the Philippine Islands, as supervisor of Maryknoll schools in Hawaii, and as a member of the first faculty of the Maryknoll Teacher Training School, opened at the Motherhouse in 1932, she gave herself joyously and selflessly to furthering the educational work of the Maryknoll Sisters.

Before entering Maryknoll, as Ellen Agnes McMahon, Sister Lumena had taught for many years in the public schools of Boston, where she was an active member of the Boston Teachers' Club and of St. Catherine's Guild of Professional Women. She was the first secretary and later the president of the John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle.

Sister Lumena's death followed a three months' illness, borne with a patience that breathed of loving resignation—as she repeated over and over again, "God be praised!"

For the memory of her cheerful disposition and of her devotion to duty, Maryknoll echoes "God be praised!"

AFTER more than forty years of faithful service to God and to the Church, old Tak Kwong has passed on to his ancestors. Before the arrival of Maryknollers in China, Tak Kwong, as a lad, acted as house boy for one of the French priests, ministering to his needs and accompanying him on long mission journeys. Then, when Maryknollers arrived in China some twenty years ago, it was Tak Kwong who was engaged to guide the new priests around their territory.

I first met old Tak Kwong five years ago. He was included among the small staff of catechists here at Chiklung when I took over as pastor. One of the first things I noticed at the annual catechists' retreat and examination was that Tak Kwong's knowledge was rated about the lowest for the whole vicariate. His faith was strong, but his reasons for it were weak. His was a good example of feeling compunction but not knowing how to define it. Tak Kwong had no formal education—how he had learned to read and write, only he knew.

In order to strengthen his reasons for the faith that was in him, I decided to have Tak Kwong go through the five volumes which explain the catechism, and to give him, each month, about fifty questions to answer. At the start he complained that this was too difficult for him, and asked if he could be excused on account of his age. I suggested he make a try and do the best he could. The first month his answers were perfect and in a fine handwriting. I knew it was not his work, but I could not guess who was doing it for him. His little deception kept on for a year, and each month the answers were perfect. Finally, I asked Tak Kwong how, suddenly, he had learned to write so well. Then he told me the story.

For thirty years he had been trying to get a neighboring village to embrace the Faith, but he had met with little success. When I had insisted that he answer the catechetical questions, Tak Kwong went to the head man of this neighboring village and explained that these questions would have to be answered, or else he would lose his job. The head of this village was the only one in the



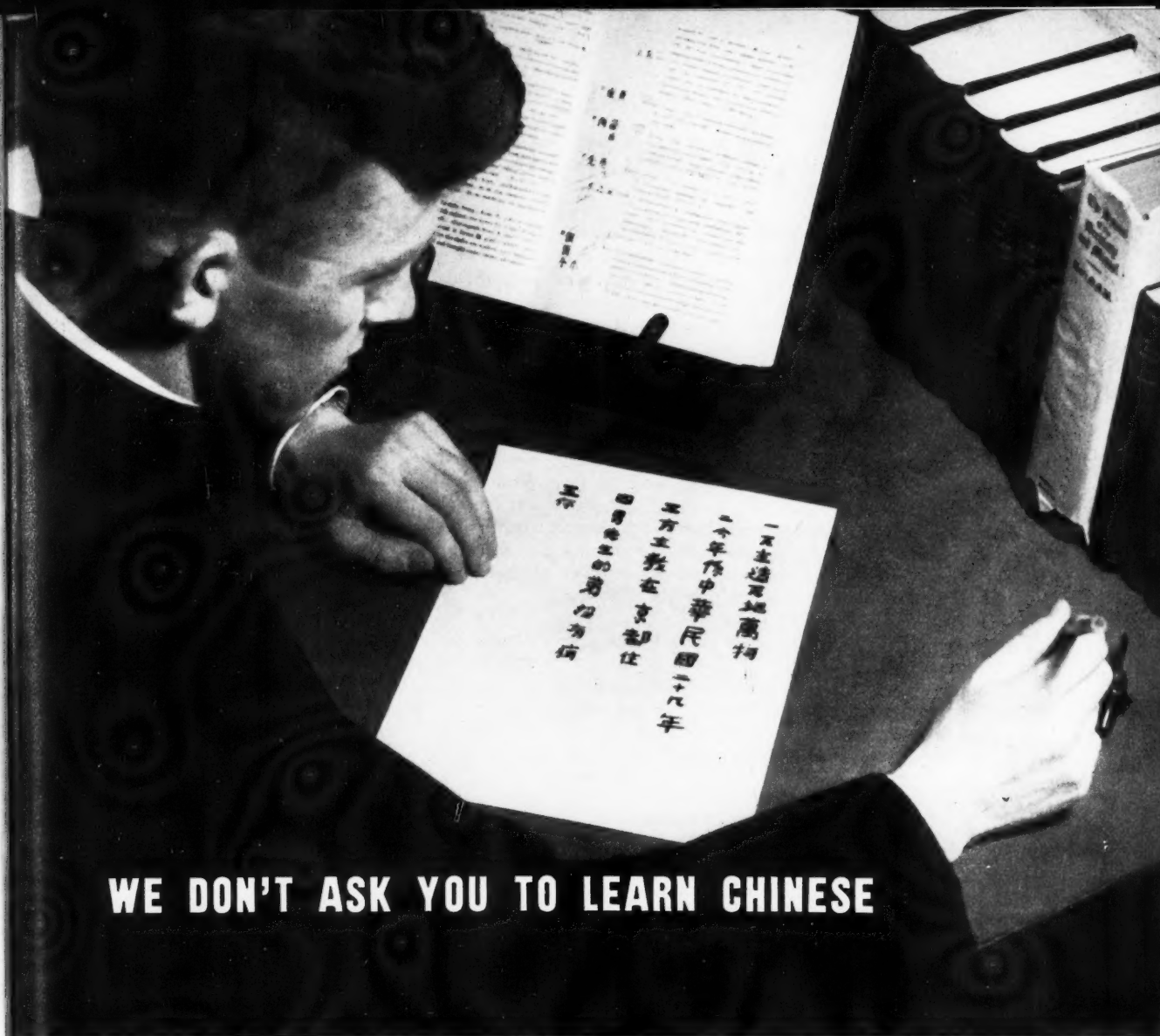
LONG-SERVICE REWARD

By Rev. John F. Smith

three boys get along? He said he knew that he was not much of a catechist, but he had tried to do his best. I assured him that in spite of his lack of education he was the best catechist I ever had, and that we would take care of his family.

People came from all over for old Tak Kwong's funeral. He would have been very happy to see all his converts there at the Mass. His nineteen-year-old boy is now a farmer and has just harvested his first rice crop and stored it away. After Tak Kwong's funeral, the son rented some fields and bought a cow, some seed, fertilizer, and enough rice to see the family through to harvest time. In his spare time he speaks to his neighbors, as did his venerable father, of what wonders the Lord of Heaven has prepared for those who love Him. Tak Kwong, when he looks down from on high, must be very well satisfied that his family is able to get along and even to further a little his own work of zeal.

The Holy Father's Mission Intention for January:
That mission activity may flourish throughout the earth



WE DON'T ASK YOU TO LEARN CHINESE

BUT we do ask you to support a young American priest who has to study this strange and difficult language. If he thinks it worth-while to sacrifice so much for God and souls, would it not be wise for you, too, to go part way—even at considerable inconvenience—and “back” him? If you share in his sacrifice, you share also in his reward. Give any amount you like each month. Each dollar will provide one day's support for missionaries here or abroad.

Here's the way some of our friends help us in our task:

A lady sponsoring a Maryknoller for five days a month wrote to us: “What once went to the hairdresser and dressmaker will, in the future, go to the support of a missionary in China. Hereafter I will do my own hair and make my own clothes—difficult as that is for me.”

From a business man: “I'd like to ‘back’

a missionary for a few days a month, even though I'm convinced that my contribution is pitifully small in comparison with the splendid work that you and your associates are carrying on under the greatest of difficulties. May God continue to inspire you with the faith and courage you possess in these days when a large part of the civilized world appears to be going mad!”

Your share—great or small—will be deeply appreciated. Clip the coupon below, or write to us today!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P. O., New York. J

Dear Fathers:

You may send me a monthly reminder for the support of a Maryknoll missionary for days of each month. I understand that I may discontinue this whenever I wish.

NAME

ADDRESS

One who supports a Maryknoller for 30, 20, 10, or 5 days (or even one day) each month, at \$1 a day, is a Maryknoll Sponsor and shares in the spiritual privileges of the Society. Maryknoll priests offer their Masses each Friday exclusively for all their benefactors.

FACING A NEW YEAR

MOST business houses stop for a few days in January and take inventory of their stock. At Maryknoll our stock of benefactors is so great and so varied that we should scarcely know where to begin. But we do know that we should not have been able to accomplish very much during the year just passed, had it not been for the generosity of our friends.

We wish it were possible to let you read every note and letter accompanying renewals, gifts, and sponsor offerings, but most of our benefactors ask to remain anonymous and are content that God, who can and will reward them, is aware of their sacrifices for His work of the missions.

As we look forward to new accomplishments for Christ, through the benefactions of our friends, we face the new year with a prayer of gratitude for the unsung sacrifices which have come to us so generously in the year just passed.

And speaking of sacrifice, we were struck by this note which accompanied a renewal:

"I am sending a dollar to renew my subscription to *THE FIELD AFAR*. I realize how small an amount that is, since I have less than a dollar a day to live on myself. But I want to help—at least that much."

—*Massachusetts*

"Please renew our subscription to membership in Maryknoll. We joined last year as a sort of business venture, to call down blessings on our modest little shop. Very trying business conditions arose, but we feel that through them all we have been particularly blessed. We still manage to hold our own."

—*Iowa*

"I am sorry that I couldn't renew my membership sooner. I did not write because I had no money at the

time, and I was hoping to send some when my crops were sold. I did not receive as much as I expected, but in gratitude for God's providence over me I am sending you my renewal. As soon as things brighten a bit for me, I hope to be able to send a gift for your brave missionaries. God bless them!"

—*California*

PASS IT ON Some of our readers, in an effort to draw new friends for our work, have been very helpful—perhaps more so than they realize. Here is their method: "After we have finished reading *THE FIELD AFAR*, we try to make your work better known by leaving our copy on a street car or bus, where others will get a chance at good reading [Thanks! Ed.] and also learn something about what the Catholic Church is doing all over the world."

—*Massachusetts*

"We find ourselves actually waiting for *THE FIELD AFAR* every month, and so impatient are we to get at it that we sort of read it together. Then I send it with my grandchildren to the Sisters, who also love it. They explain the stories and pictures to the schoolchildren, and they are all offering many prayers for your work."

—*Illinois*

"Last Saturday evening I dropped in to a church to make a little visit to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. On my way out I noticed that someone had left a magazine in the pew. I picked it up and found it to be your *FIELD AFAR*. It was like meeting an old friend, for my mother used to get it when she was alive. I'm not ashamed to say that the memory of those days made me cry for a few minutes. Then I knelt and said some more prayers for Mother's soul and promised Our Lord I'd try to take her place in helping the missions. Here is my subscription for six years."

—*New Jersey*

Motherhouse of the Sisters of Notre Dame, Cincinnati, Ohio



GRATITUDE in words and in action is so rare a treat in this busy world, that we are always especially struck by the evidence of this virtue. Our mail bag recently gave us these examples:

"In memory of the beloved Father Price, I am sending you this gift to help in your mission work. Thirty-eight years ago he taught me the Faith when he was doing missionary work in North Carolina. No man ever worked harder than he did in the vineyard of Our Lord."

—*West Virginia*

"A little more than a year ago I wanted something very much, so,

along with novenas to Saint Therese and to Saint Jude, I made a promise that if my request were granted I should give a gift to maintain a mission in South China. God heard my poor prayers, so here is your check."

—Connecticut

"The enclosed offering for your mission work was given to me as a birthday present, but I am sending it to you in gratitude to God for these privileged years. For seven years, since I was twenty-five years old, I have not been able to earn my own way, as I am suffering from a rare disease which has weakened all the muscles, especially those in my face. What I miss most is not being able to smile or to return the smiles of my dear mother and father, who are so good to me. Ask your missionaries to pray for me, please."

—Missouri

GOOD WORK

"Now that my Perpetual Membership is paid, my husband and I would like to contribute towards the support of a missionary."

"The contribution will be a dollar a month in my husband's name and the same amount in my name."

—California

"The first of the month again, and this time some good news. 'My raise is your raise,' so here's another dollar. I wish it could be more, but it was just a little raise."

—Illinois

"Your magazine has opened my eyes to the great work that is going on so steadily, so unsung, in this chaotic world of ours. I am glad I can be of a little help somewhere in the rebuilding of the real world."

—Syracuse

"Am taking this occasion to say that I shall try to keep up doing the bit I have been doing for the missions for the past three years. I don't know how long I can continue. Making sacrifices keeps one nearer to God!"

—Los Angeles

DEPARTED FRIENDS

Please remember in your prayers the souls of these Maryknoll friends who have recently died:

Sr. M. Petronilla Stibolitzki; Sr. de Chantal Kemp; Sr. Adelaide Fitzgerald; Mrs. M. Bogaard; Mr. Louis A. Milward, Jr.; Mr. Joseph N. Johnson; Mrs. Margaret Carroll; Mr. William J. Pringle; Mr. Lawrence Scanlon; Mr. C. W. Stiles; Mr. Patrick Welsh, Jr.; Miss Theresa Gadke; Mr. Patrick Lynch; Mr. T. Reid; Mrs. Mary Meyer; Mr. Charles W. De Polvin; Simon and Bernice Kazatte; Mrs. Marcella Cleary; Mrs. Gertrude Eltz; Richard Garry; Mary Garry; Mary E. Garry; Margaret Wall; James K. Wall; Sarah Manning; Marie McBride; Mary Rueger; Joseph Rueger; Mr. Eldridge; Grace Condon; Elizabeth Kenny; Cornelius T. Miller; Alice Houston McBride; Marjorie Joyce; Mr. Thomas Maguire; Mary V. Farrell; Richard Conlon; Mrs. M. E. Ellair; Miss Mabel E. Rogers; Clara Steggert; Mr. Henry E. Provencal; Peter J. Conlon; John, Ellen, James F., John F., and Mary Casey; Thomas and Mary Hayden; Thomas Kanaley; Mrs. J. Schwab; A. Donohoe; Mr. G. J. Weiler; Mrs. Mary Richard; Mrs. Anna Stadler; Miss Margaret Moran; Miss Margaret Miles; Mr. Alexander Berg; Mr. Edmond J. White; Mrs. Cora Gabriel; Mrs. Elizabeth McKean; Elizabeth Bowen; Mr. John P. Moriarity; Mr. William H. Behan; Mr. James E. French.

THE MONTH'S PRIZE LETTER

Dear Fathers:

Your very thoughtful letter of appreciation arrived to thank me for my wee bit of a Christmas offering. It is I who should be grateful. Maryknoll's missionaries have done much for me by their prayers—more than I could ever do for them by my few poor offerings.

Now I am trying to persuade at least ten of my friends to pledge themselves to give at least one dollar a month to sponsor a Maryknoller. The first five to whom I have spoken were so enthusiastic about the idea that I do not anticipate any difficulty in finding ten such, and even more. If I then can get each of them to secure ten new sponsors, we shall be building a chain that I hope will enable you to spread your work to districts not yet evangelized.

Please don't embarrass me with more thanks. Be assured that I consider this a real privilege, and I am only too happy to help. All I ask is a prayer for my intentions.

—Miss J. B., New York

BENEATH ONE HEAVEN

(Continued from page 4) under her patronage whom every apostle salutes as Queen. I shall always cherish his last words to me, written just three days before he died. These tell of my attachment to Maryknoll better than I can speak of my regard for this great missionary movement:

"It is more than a year since we have met and, for most of that time, I have been on the invalid list. It looks now as if I shall be called to God before long, and I wish to thank Your Excellency for the kindnesses and confidence which I have received from you.

"Give me an occasional memento and be assured of my prayers."

May many young men, undismayed by the hatreds of our times, feel inspired by the goodly companies of apostles who have labored on American soil, to carry the cross out from America into the Lord's great vineyard which is the mission world.

MARYKNOLL MEMBERSHIP

Maryknoll has no mere subscribers to its magazine. Every person who enrolls by the payment of \$1 becomes a MARYKNOLL MEMBER for one year.

A PERPETUAL MEMBER makes payment of \$50, either immediately or in installments within a period of two years. A deceased person may be enrolled as a Perpetual Member.

A MARYKNOLL BENEFACTOR is one who has assisted to the extent of \$1,000 and becomes by this fact a Perpetual Member.

A MARYKNOLL FOUNDER is one who has provided a sum of \$5,000 or more; such a person also becomes a Perpetual Member.

WHERE EVERYONE BELIEVES

By Rev. George H. Flick

THERE are two types of Catholic Chinese villages. One is the village which owes its growth to the Church itself, expanding with the Church as the center of its life. The other is the long-established village, which has but recently taken the Church as its foundation.

In the first-mentioned type there is to be found a tried and true mission method advanced by the early missionaries from Europe. With the aid of his first few converts, the missionary purchased land in a country district, as far away as possible from the non-Christian influence of cities and

villages. On this land, buildings and dwellings were erected to serve as church and homes for the missionary and his neophytes. This was by no means an easy task, and the priest nurturing the newly found faith of his flock had to play the multiple role of priest, doctor, adviser, mediator, and protector. Gradually new converts were made, and these too moved into the Catholic district. Land was plentiful, and all were able to make their living by tilling the soil. In time a village of three hundred or more souls came into being.

The second type of Catholic village is striking in its unique manifestation of the power of God's grace. Here, as a rule, the acceptance of Christianity is gradual, though immediate and total conversion of the villagers is not unheard-of.

An instance of the missionary's charity or the good example of a Christian may be the contributing cause for a whole village to embrace the Faith. The process of conversion in a non-Christian village depends greatly upon whom the Catholic influence has touched. Should the missionary's medicine cure the sick son of a village elder, the gratitude and good will of the elder is thus obtained. Once entrance is gained into the family circle, the missionary's opportunities to preach become increasingly greater. Through the grace of God, the family receives the gift of faith, and its conversion is accompanied or followed by the conversion of other prominent villagers. In time the other less prominent villagers, following their elders, also embrace the new religion, and thus the whole village gradually becomes Catholic.

In our brief mission career we have experienced the worth of the first-mentioned method through our



The church in the Catholic village of Ch'a Kou, Manchukuo, is more than one hundred years old. The people of the village helped pioneer missionaries in the construction work.





Nestled in the hills of Manchukuo lie several Catholic villages such as this—a solace and a joy to any missionary.

assignments to the long-established Christian villages of Ch'a Kou and Erh Pa Tan. Both villages have been Catholic for several generations. Ch'a Kou has had a resident pastor since 1841, and Erh Pa Tan since 1897. Before that time priests, traveling for months from distant Peiping, made annual visitations to these missions from the earliest years of the nineteenth century. That the Faith is strong in each village has been attested by the martyrdom of many Christians at the time of the Boxer Uprising and during earlier persecutions.

The Christians of these two villages have traditional duties which they perform each year, they themselves bearing whatever expenses are entailed. They delegate groups to secure palm branches for Palm Sunday; they erect and decorate the out-of-door altars for the Feast of Corpus Christi; and one village, in the north, has a special field where wheat is grown only to be used in making altar breads.

In these Catholic villages there is at the Chinese New Year a special ceremony performed, which the Christians themselves have suggested. On New Year's Eve all the Catholics who are not busily engaged at home attend evening prayers and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. During Benediction the entire congregation make reverential bows to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, thereby wishing Him a Happy New Year and begging His blessing upon them for the year about to begin. Even those detained at home do not express New Year greetings to others until they have first attended Mass on New Year's morning and made their bows to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

Charity towards the poor is beautifully in evidence in these Catholic villages. One of the notable examples of

the past year was the case of a poor family, all the members of which were ill. They possessed neither money nor food. When the Christians heard of the situation, they came to the priest. "We have little or no money ourselves," they said, "but each family will gladly contribute some grain." The result was that the poor family received enough grain to sustain them for the year.

In many respects these Christians are much like our Catholics at home. They have the same virtues and practically the same failings, which bring joy and sorrow respectively to the pastor. Like the Good Shepherd, the pastor must be constantly on the watch to restrain the impetuous as well as to arouse to greater Catholic Action those who become indolent in the exercise of their God-given faith. Chinese Christian villages are a solace and a joy to any missionary; they are, in themselves, an answer to the question, "Are missions worth-while?"

THE STREET HAWKER

(Continued from page 7) Paul may be seen, a twisted, ragged figure, squatting patiently by the roadside, his pitifully slender stock before him. Or, it may be that you meet him shuffling slowly over the narrow trails between the rice paddies, his wares balanced on a pole slung across his work-worn shoulders.

The tale is simple, and as yet in the making. Paul may well symbolize the millions of similar underprivileged who, in uncomplaining labor, seek a humble living in a harsh world. A lone, tragic figure, yet a brave heart—a soul who knows, loves, and serves faithfully Him whose shoulders bore an even heavier cross!



Above: The first Sisters to be professed in the native community founded by Father Meyer in Wuchow. Right: Father Tennien and a lama who was recently converted

ON THE MARYKNOLL NEWSFRONT

TAAN CHUK, KWANGSI History, "the vehicle of facts coming down the ages of time," stopped here recently and picked up a fact that, we believe, will be a memorable one for the Church in Kwangsi. The occasion was the profession of the first native Sisters in this whole province. The Sisters' community was founded several years ago by Father Bernard F. Meyer, pioneer Maryknoller in this district. The group professed was small—only four—but some great religious orders in the Church began with even less. Twenty-seven more novices and postulants are preparing now for a similar ceremony at a later date. Follow them, please, with your prayers, for, as some experienced missionary has said, "Priests make converts; Sisters make Catholics."

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA When fifty-five Japanese youngsters went to Japan recently for a "look-see," Brother Theophane, M.M., veteran Scout Master of this city, was chosen to accompany the group. On their return Brother Theophane wrote of the trip: "The President of the Boy Scouts in Japan, and also the Chief Executive, were hosts at a special dinner for our boys in Tokyo. Admiral Takeshita, Count Hutara, and all Scout officials in and around Tokyo were present. I was called upon for a speech, and when I finished Admiral Takeshita asked me if I came from Boston. He had studied at Harvard and recognized my 'Front Bay' accent.

"The parents of our Japanese Los Angeles Boy Scouts not only bought me a round-trip ticket for accompanying their boys, but also provided me with some pocket money so that I might enjoy excursions to the many scenes of interest. We camped at Lake Biwa, spent several days at the summer estate of Viscount Mishima, and crowded in visits with our Maryknoll missionaries at Nara, Otsu, and Kyoto. The whole trip was not only pleasant, but also interesting and educational. Our Maryknoll Scouts shone at every stage of the journey. We were very proud of them."

YUNGHUI, SOUTH CHINA The pastor of this mission is a busy man these days. When a smallpox epidemic broke out in a village twelve miles away, he inoculated himself first and then journeyed to the infected spot to vaccinate more than two hundred people. En route he was forced to stop at an inn overnight. An old Catholic lady, hearing that the priest was there, called him out to baptize her granddaughter who was dying. The child's mother, a non-Christian, was consoled when the priest said, "I will offer the Holy Sac-



rifice tomorrow for your child." In the morning when the missionary awoke he found that the man sleeping next to him had died during the night without Baptism. God seems to pick whom He wants. Starting off in the morning again, Father had to wade waist-deep through a swollen stream, carrying his bicycle high above his head. In the stricken village he was able to baptize many of the dying and give medical aid to others. Throughout the eight-day trip of mercy, the priest was continuously sick himself, but he managed to keep going as long as he was needed. The example of such devotion is not lost on the people of Yunhui.

memento in the Holy Sacrifice was included. The pastor is wondering now if he will have room for all who respond. The returns have been almost one hundred per cent.

TEISHU, KOREA When Father Borer, the pastor of this town's church, asked a father why his children were not studying the catechism, he was told: "We cannot afford to send the girls to school. A few years ago the former pastor ran a night school where the girls could learn to read. The Father paid the teacher's salary, and the parents of the students paid for the light and fuel. When the price of rice went up, the teacher asked for more money, but Father could not give more, and so the school was closed. If you open the school again, our children will learn their catechism, non-Christians of the district will be converted."

"Well," answered the pastor, "let us both pray to Saint Joseph to inspire some of our friends in America to send me the seven dollars a month needed for the teacher, and we will then open the school again." A bargain in souls!

Left: Father Morris, formerly of Fall River, Massachusetts, is proud of his men's club—leading members of his Korean congregation in Japan.

Below: Los Angeles Scout Master, Brother Theophane, with some of the Scouts he accompanied on a trip to Japan

NARA, JAPAN The pastor of this mission, Milwaukee's Father Felsecker, had been losing sleep wondering how he could kindle the fervor of some souls who had grown lukewarm through a two-year period without a priest. He studied the baptismal register and sent notes of congratulations and reminders of baptismal promises to each convert on the anniversary of baptism. A promise of prayers and a





Little Magdalen could be found in almost any pew in church.

THROUGH MY FAULT

By Rev. John A. Fisher

My biggest distraction at night prayers, a few months ago, was Magdalen, a hearty lass of two summers. She was a daily, or rather nightly, sight in the middle aisle of the Linkiang church. When the day's work was done, her father and mother could be seen carrying the little miss into the chapel to chant night prayers with the rest of the Christians. Sometimes Magdalen would be seen tottering along with the larger children, all jabbering away together.

In church Magdalen's behavior would not rate one hundred per cent as contemplation. Periodically she would be seen strutting up or down the aisle from bench to bench, now looking for a cloth to veil her head like the heads of the women, now putting her tiny fingers about the older women's shoes and bound feet, some of which were hardly larger than her own. Once she had possession of a rosary, however, her attention would be captured, as woman-like she experimented on styles with it, trying it at all angles from head to foot.

Seldom did she pass the *Shen Foo's* bench in the back

of church without the ritualistic Manchu curtsy, a stop-short bow of the head. She had it down to perfection, and I hope the angels turned away their faces at my smiling. My own best prayers were said when she was homeward bound.

Though given to all kinds of flights of fancy at night prayers, Magdalen seemed to have a sixth sense that noted when the Christians were singing their act of contrition. Maybe it was because that prayer sounded more solemn and appealing than the rest. But night after night, seeing her elders bending over as they struck their breasts for "through my fault," Magdalen would always follow suit.

But that was a few months ago! Magdalen caught meningitis during the early part of the winter. For two weeks she lay unconscious on her oven-bed, and while we prayed for the little tot I'm afraid her absence was more distracting than her presence used to be. Towards the end we dropped into her home with the doctor one day. Thin and weak, she became conscious for a brief few minutes. The anxious mother and some friends were kneeling nearby, saying some prayers at that time. Oddly enough, they came to the *Confiteor*. Magdalen's little ears sensed it, and down went the tiny hand to beat her breast for the last time. She died a few days later.

We miss her in church. Perhaps now we even pray a little better, knowing that she is somewhere up above, parading all over God's heaven.



THE MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF

MARYKNOLL :: NEW YORK



BOOKS - PAMPHLETS - STORY LEAFLETS - MAGAZINES - PLAYS - FILMS - STUDY UNITS

Books! Do we resort to them as an escape from the day's annoyances, for an excursion into beauty, or for guidance in the great things of life? Perhaps for all these and more. Whatever our motives, we turn to books as our friends; they go through the years with us, and what they say becomes a part of us.

Great ideas are found in books, and every great idea should be expressed in a book, in a company of books which should constitute the idea's rich embodiment.

The idea of a vigorous world program for the unity of all men under God in the Church is a deep fundamental of God's economy, and we should expect to find it expressed in many books. Strangely, there are relatively few in English on the subject, but this merely testifies to the newness among English-speaking Catholics of the idea of world missions. We shall have such a literature as our mission movement continues to grow.

The Maryknoll Bookshelf plans to serve all desiring to count mission books among their friends, will supply you with book lists of what exists in English, and wishes to encourage every book that is a worthy addition to our mission literature.

Mission History and Biography—Relatively little in mission history is ready for us as yet, but there are a number of excellent biographies, some popular in style, some in the more exacting vein of serious scholarship.

Non-Christian Philosophy and Religions—What the non-Christian believes is usually reading matter only for specialists. But perhaps it has interest for you; we can make some suggestions.

Mission Peoples and Their Ways—There are some very readable books in this class, not written directly for Catholics, but serving us well in accuracy and in their sympathetic portrayal of these fellows of ours in the far lands.

Mission Practice and Description—Here as yet we have very little beyond magazine articles. Books must come.

Apologetic of Missions—Some of us should like a little proof that the Lord wants this world mission movement. The words of Scripture, the testimony of the Fathers and of tradition, take care of this very well. In the Church

we brook no fads; it is well to demonstrate that missions are of the essence of Christianity.

Mission Poetry, Essays, and Drama—As many fine minds dwell upon the world apostolate, this phase of our literature will grow.

Mission Fiction—For the present we have only a few short stories.

Juvenile and Classroom Literature—We know of several items which may interest you.

MARYKNOLL TEACHER AIDS

There are 85,000 teachers in Catholic schools in the United States. They wish to teach their classes the Catholic way; that is, with Catholic faith and morals and philosophy as the groundwork for all that is taught.

For information on non-Christian peoples among whom missionaries work and for the Church's teachings on such missionary subjects as the brotherhood of all men in Christ, teachers turn to Maryknoll for help.

The latest Maryknoll contribution for teachers is an illustrated Unit of Study, "How the Chinese People Live." Cries of delight have greeted its appearance. If you are a teacher, write to us.

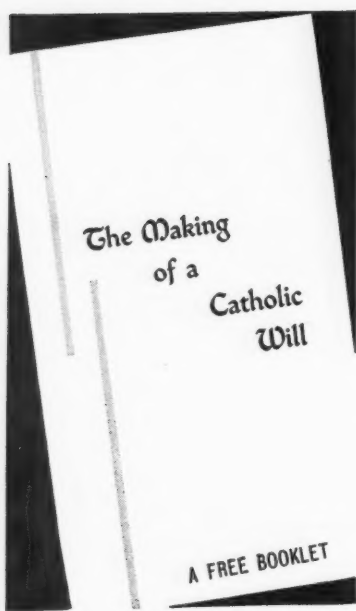
GAY HIDALGO

If you are choosing a play, try one with Saint Francis Xavier—the colorful, university student of his day—strutting the boards. We have several such on the Maryknoll play list.

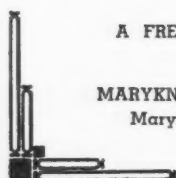
AN INVITATION

Write to us if a book on any phase of the mission question can interest you. No great idea can prevail without the diffusion of a literature on it; there must be many readers, writers, and thinkers, if the cause of missions is to grow.

Maryknoll Bookshelf, Maryknoll P. O., New York.



The Maryknoll Annuity



A FREE BOOKLET

MARYKNOLL FATHERS
Maryknoll, N. Y.

THE BROTHERS OF MERCY OF ST. JOHN OF GOD,
who care for and nurse male patients, both
in hospitals and in private homes, are
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49 COTTAGE ST. BUFFALO, N. Y.

A LIST OF CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

SCHOOLS FOR BOYS—

University of Dayton, Dayton, Ohio
Mt. St. Mary's College & Eccl. Sem.,
Emmitsburg, Md.
Sacred Hearts Academy,

No. Fairhaven, Mass.
Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.
St. Michael's College, Winooski Park, Vt.
St. Aloysius Academy for Boys,
West Chester, Pa.

COLLEGES AND ACADEMIES FOR GIRLS—

Trinity College, Washington, D. C.
St. Xavier College,
4928 Xavier Pk., Chicago, Ill.
Barat College & Academy of Sacred
Heart, Lake Forest, Ill.
Rosary College, River Forest, Ill.
St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md.
Maryville College, Meramec St. &
Nebraska Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Mt. St. Mary's College, Hooksett, N. H.
Georgian Court College, Lakewood, N.J.
The College of St. Rose, Albany, N. Y.
College of Mt. St. Vincent-on-Hudson,
N. Y. C.

Marymount College & School,
Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa.
Rosemont College, Rosemont, Pa.
Academy of Our Lady of Mercy,
Milford, Conn.
Junior College and Academy of the
Immaculate Conception, Oldenburg, Ind.
Marycliff Academy,

Arlington Heights, Mass.
Mt. St. Joseph Academy, Brighton, Mass.
Sacred Hearts Academy,
No. Fairhaven, Mass.
Academy of the Sacred Heart,
Fall River, Mass.

Jeanne d'Arc Academy, Milton, Mass.
Academy of the Visitation,
5448 Cabanne Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Saint Vincent Academy,
226 W. Market St., Newark, N. J.
Academy of St. Joseph, Brentwood, N. Y.
St. Clare's School, Hastings-on-
Hudson, Mount Hope, N. Y.
Academy of the Holy Child Jesus,
630 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.
Academy of The Holy Child, Suffern, N. Y.
Our Lady of Mercy Academy,
Syosset, Long Island, N. Y.
Mater Misericordiae Academy,
Merion (Phila.), Pa.

Villa Maria Convent,
Montreal, Quebec, Canada
St.-Ann-on-the-Lake Academy,
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ADDRESSES

The Maryknoll Fathers

Central Administration and Major Sem-
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Maryknoll Novitiate, Bedford, Mass.
Maryknoll College, Clarks Summit, Pa.
Maryknoll Junior Seminaries:
Akron, Ohio, 1075 W. Market St.
Cincinnati, Ohio, 6700 Beechmont Ave.
Detroit, Mich., 9001 Dexter Blvd.
Mountain View P.O., Calif.
St. Louis, Mo., 4569 W. Pine Blvd.

Houses of Study:

Hong Kong, Maryknoll House, Stanley
Rome, Italy, Via Sardegna, 83

Honolulu, T.H., 1701 Wilder Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif., 222 S. Hewitt St.
Manila, P.I., St. Rita's Hall
Cebu City, P. I.
New York City, 121 E. 39th St.
San Francisco, Calif., 1492 McAllister St.
San Juan Bautista, Calif.
Seattle, Wash., 1603 E. Jefferson St.

Missions: Central Addresses

For Fushun missionaries: Catholic Mis-
sion, Fushun, Manchukuo

For Kaying missionaries: Catholic Mis-
sion, Kaying, via Swatow, China

For Kongmoon missionaries: Catholic
Mission, Kongmoon, Kwangtung Pro-
vince, China

For Kweilin missionaries: Catholic Mis-
sion, Kweilin, Kwangsi Province, China

For Kyoto missionaries: Maryknoll,
Kyoto, Japan

For Chosen missionaries: Catholic Mis-
sion, P.O. Box 23, Heijo, Chosen.

For Wuchow missionaries: Catholic Mis-
sion, Wuchow, Kwangsi Province, China

The Maryknoll Sisters

Central Addresses

Motherhouse and Administration:
Maryknoll, N. Y.

Hawaii: 1508 Alexander St., Honolulu

Japan: Higashi Takeyamachi, Sakyoku,
Kyoto, Japan

Chosen: Catholic Mission, 257 Sangsu-
kuri, Box 23, Heijo, Chosen.

Manchukuo: Catholic Mission, Dairen

Pacific Coast: 425 South Boyle Ave.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Philippines: St. Mary's Hall, Manila

South China: Waterloo Road, Kow-
loon, Hong Kong

MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

HELP WANTED

CHINESE PRIESTS in the making at Kaying Seminary look for \$5 a month support—30 of them.

A ROOM at \$500. Where? In the students' wing, Maryknoll Seminary. See page 18.

SHARE IN ALL MASSES of Kyoto Prefecture. \$100 will supply Mass candles to every church in the Prefecture for one year.

FORTY BELOW ZERO in Fushun's churches. \$10 a month will supply coal for one of 12 stoves.

FIFTEEN OLD PEOPLE in Wuchow Vicariate need \$5 a month each for their support.

BUILDINGS

FIVE BUILDINGS serving as chapels in Kyoto can be rented for \$30 each a month. Reserve one now for your intentions.

CAME THE SNOW in Korea, but no chapel yet in Ouel tji Ri—\$100.

NO ROOM for more seminarians at Maryknoll. Any gift towards providing one? See page 18.



Fifteen Fushun schools need \$100 a year support. That's right—\$1,500 a year.



Kongmoon wants a chapel at Sun Chong. \$500 will build it.

RAZED CHURCHES in Kweilin (four of them) must be rebuilt at \$300 each.

OPPORTUNITIES

THREE HUNDRED LEPERS in Kongmoon require \$5 a month each for their support.

KEEP WUCHOW'S CONVERTS coming by helping with one of 10 catechists' salaries—\$15 a month.

RICE-CONSUMING ORPHANS—92 of them—in Kweilin. \$2 keeps each rice bowl filled for a month.

A YEAR'S SALARY—\$150—is needed by each of 100 catechists in Bishop Ford's Mission.

PRIESTLY SONS—42 of them—in Korea may be adopted for \$5, a month's support.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

AN UPHILL PULL

Our missionaries, meeting physical hardships and inconveniences of all kinds, have an uphill pull these days. But it doesn't deter them in their task for souls. What does bother them, however, is the realization that, at best, they can help only a few of the countless non-Christians who could be won for Christ. So much to do, and so few to do it! That is the real uphill pull for missionaries. ● The greatest need today is for more missionaries. In every mission one priest is doing the work of twenty. We could place two hundred more priests in our seven major mission territories tomorrow—if we had them. We shall need a thousand more during this generation. ● Will you help? If you cannot give your life, please pray that some other young American will be privileged to do so. The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few.

